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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1704 SEPT. 17, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

AUTUMN & WINTER CRUISING

Full Guide for "Sphere" Readers in this Issue.

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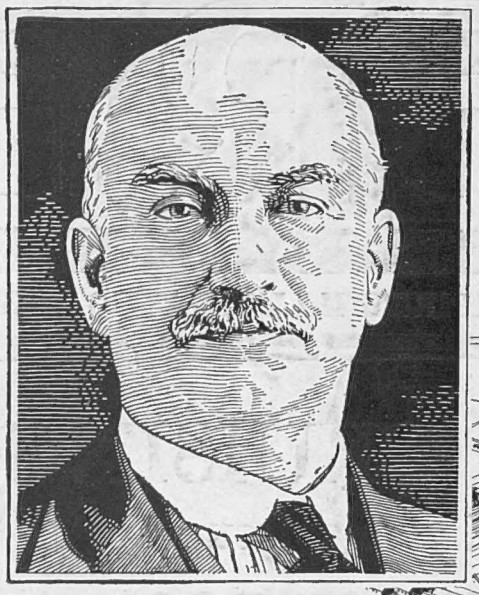
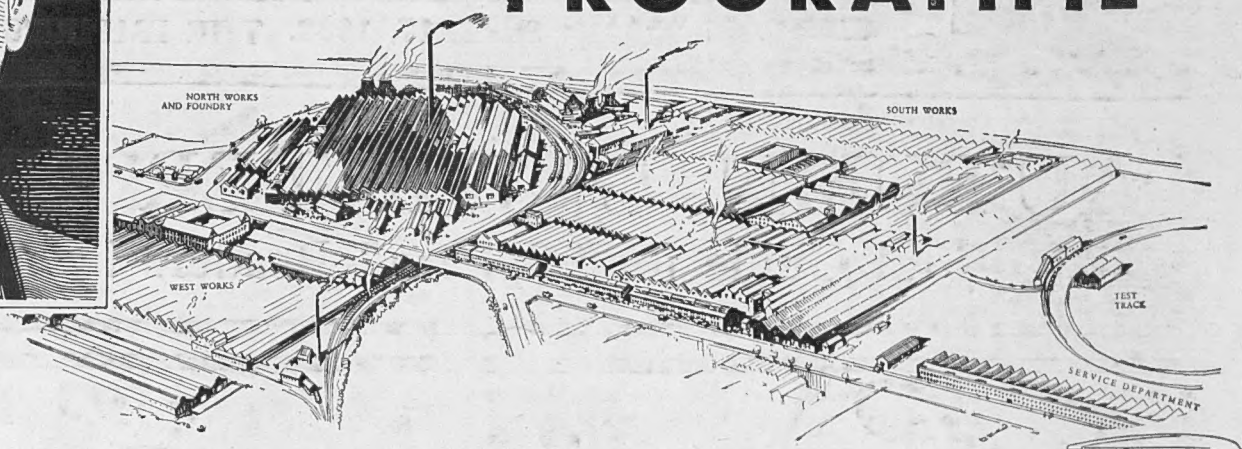
AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN



The AUSTIN PROGRAMME



NEW DEVELOPMENTS

Seven distinct models—*four of them family cars under £200* . . and 26 body styles to choose from! A newcomer to the Austin family, the Light Twelve-Four, and six entirely new bodies. Not only this, but numerous improvements throughout the range, making the cars finer to look at, more comfortable to drive, even better in performance—yet still as outstandingly dependable.

1. A NEW MODEL
—the Light Twelve-Four, a car priced at under £200, with a large four-seater de luxe saloon body, four-cylinder power unit, and four-speed Twin-Top gearbox. Built along similar lines to the famous Twelve-Six, this car has a remarkably flexible engine of advanced design, rated at 11.9 h.p., yet developing 24 brake horse-power. Insulated engine-suspension at three points results in a smooth flow of power. The Light Twelve-Four is also available as a Standard Saloon, a Tourer, and as a Two-Seater. Tax £12.

2. NEW SIXTEEN SALOON
—the Berkeley, with appealing body lines—drop-mounted, long, sleek—and sloping windscreen, streamline front and inclined door pillars as features of its fine contours. The interior improvements include a new flood-lit instrument panel.

3. NEW RANELAGH LIMOUSINE
—a body design which makes this magnificent seven-seater even more than ever like a £1,000 car. Its streamline front, waistline moulding and petrol tank housing, all new, enhance its superb lines.

4. TWO NEW TEN-FOUR MODELS
Companion cars to the famous Ten-Four Saloon—the Tourer and Two-Seater, with quickly erected all-weather equipment. The contour of the back panelling of the Ten-Four de luxe Saloon has also been improved, and larger lamps and Magna wheels with larger sized tyres (4.50 ins. x 18 ins.) added.

5. TWO IMPROVED BODIES ON THE SEVEN
A Four-Seater Tourer and a Two-Seater, both on the long wheelbase chassis. These new roomy bodies, finer in appearance, give greater riding comfort.

6. TWIN-TOP FOUR-SPEED GEARBOX ON THE SEVEN
at no extra charge, results in better all-round performance and greater driving-ease. Wider brake-drums increase braking efficiency. Other refinements include new finger-tip engine controls on the steering wheel and an improved position for the engine starter.

7. REAR PETROL TANK ON THE SEVEN
is a new feature, coupled with a petrol pump feed, a new horizontal-type carburettor, and a petrol gauge on a new instrument panel.

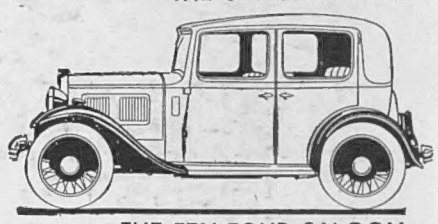
8. THERMOSTATIC COOLING
A thermostatic cooling system is introduced on the Twenty, Sixteen, Twelve-Four, and Light Twelve-Six models, thus giving greatest engine efficiency whatever the weather and road conditions.

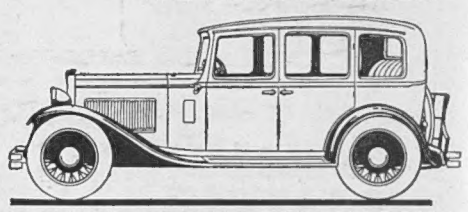
9. INCREASED COMFORT
Hydraulic shock-absorbers and Silentbloc suspension coupled with free-flex zinc spring-interleaving for easier riding . . . heat-proof scuttle, fume-aprons to gear and brake levers and forward-drop exhaust for engine heat and fume isolation.

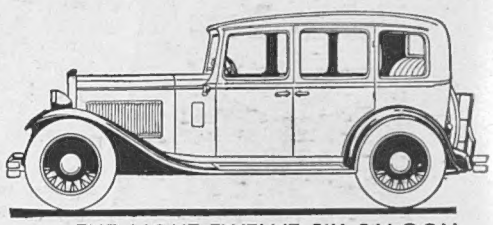
10. EASIER CONTROL AND SAFETY
Direct-control four-speed gearbox throughout the range, direct-coupled brakes with warning light on all models (excepting the Seven) and windscreen and all windows of Triplex glass.

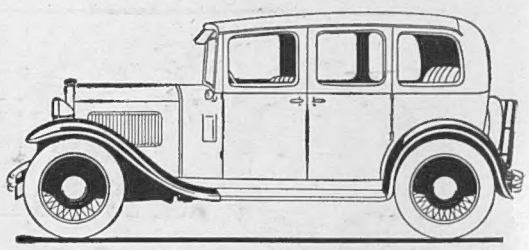
11. COACHWORK IMPROVEMENTS
All coachwork is designed to give minimum body 'overhang' for the most comfortable riding. (A particularly good example of this practice is the Ten-Four Saloon). All de luxe models have chromium plated lamps, while Magna wheels and bumpers front and rear are fitted on all de luxe models excepting the Seven.

THE SEVEN SALOON


THE TEN-FOUR SALOON


THE NEW LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR SALOON


THE LIGHT TWELVE-SIX SALOON


THE TWELVE-FOUR BURNHAM SALOON

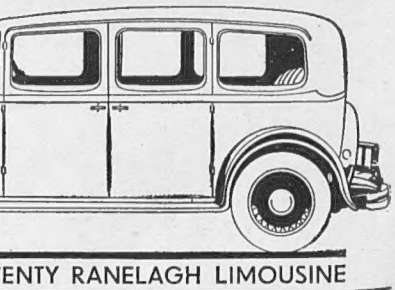
Complete Range . 7 Distinct Models . 26 Body Styles

PRICES EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 6th.

SEVEN MODELS		LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR MODELS		TWELVE-FOUR MODELS	
De Luxe Saloon	£125	De Luxe Saloon	£198	Burnham De Luxe Saloon	£288
Standard Saloon	£115	Standard Saloon	£178	Windsor Saloon	£268
Four-Seater Tourer	£110	Four-Seater Tourer	£168	Open Road Five-Seater	£255
Two-Seater	£105	Two-Seater	£168	Harrow Two-Seater	£255
TEN-FOUR MODELS		**LIGHT TWELVE-SIX MODELS**		**SIXTEEN MODELS**	
De Luxe Saloon	£168	De Luxe Saloon	£218	Berkeley De Luxe Saloon	£318
Standard Saloon	£155	Standard Saloon	£198	Westminster De Luxe Saloon	£345
Four-Seater Tourer	£148	Open Road Four-Seater	£195	Open Road Five-Seater	£288
Two-Seater	£148	Eton Two-Seater	£195	Harrow Two-Seater	£288

TWENTY MODELS New Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet £575 Whitehall Saloon £498

(Prices at Works)


THE SIXTEEN BERKELEY SALOON

THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

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THE SPHERE

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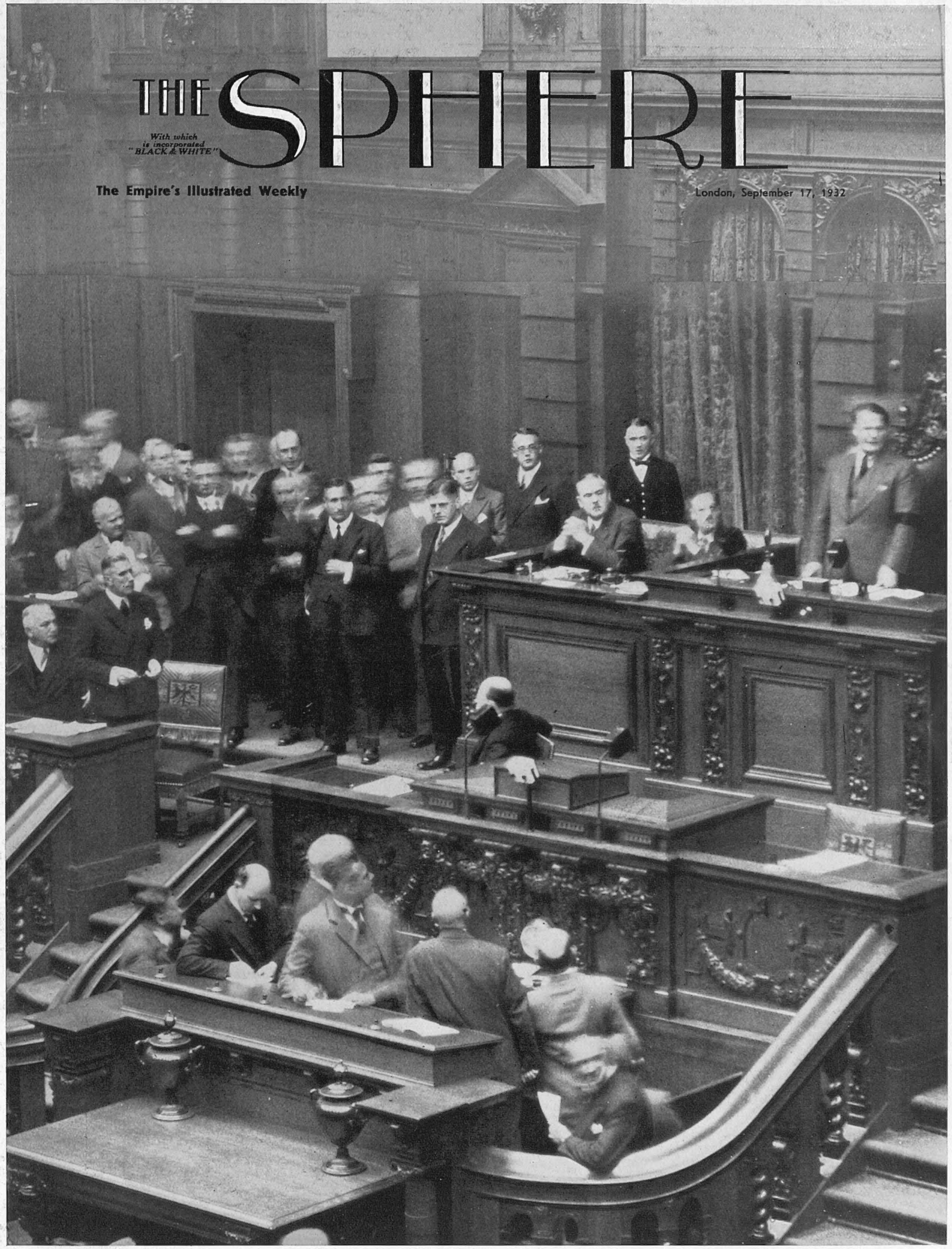
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 17, 1932



THE DISSOLUTION OF THE REICHSTAG

President Goering of the German Parliament Refuses to Let the Chancellor "Take the Word"

Germany is in the throes of yet another political upheaval and the Reichstag has been dissolved. The actual disbanding of the only recently elected house of representatives took place in the teeth of an overwhelming vote of "no confidence" as the result of an unexpected Communist motion. The letter of Herr Goering to the President has been waived aside, and the situation has been accepted by the nation for the time being. The deserted Reichstag building has been searched for gunpowder. It is definitely asserted that new elections will be held, but within a year it is hoped by the Von Papen group to submit a new constitution to the people to replace the instrument of Weimar. This picture shows the President of the Reichstag, Herr Goering, who holds roughly the position of Speaker, refusing to allow Von Papen to catch his eye or, in the German idiom, to "take the word"

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

MISS EUROPE TO BE MRS. ACE: Mlle. Diplarakos, the Greek, who was elected "Miss Europe" two years ago, is engaged to be married to M. Paul Louis Weiller, the French military aeronaut, who gained the Croix de Guerre with eleven palms and two stars, the Legion of Honour, and the M.C. for his exploits. They first met on a yacht in the romantic setting of the Ægean and flew back to Paris, where M. Weiller is teaching his fiancee to fly. This picture was taken at Villacoublay in the environs of the capital

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 14, 1932.

IGNORANCE NO EXCUSE.

—Latest events in Germany are more dramatic than surprising. We know all too little about the temper and sentiment of Germany to criticize the apparent weaknesses or blindness of her Government. It is a striking fact that to-day, when we boast of the nations having been brought into closer communion and understanding of each other's problems by radio and other improved means of communication, the political secrets of our neighbours were never more obscure in our history nor more easy of concealment. Russia, Germany, Spain, China, Japan (to say nothing of the Balkans and South American States), we know less concerning their internal condition, plans, and aspirations than we did in the Middle Ages; far less than in mid-Victorian days when our Ambassadors were responsible and free agents, feeding their own countries with inside information and binding them by their own acts. To-day, when they are mere post office officials, they appear to have lost, with the power to act on their own initiative, the means of supplying information.

Thus, the reprieve of the Nazi murderers was a decision which appeared at first sight to spell doom to Hindenburg and to Von Papen's Government; a sign of faltering which must surely hand over Germany, bound hand and foot, to Hitler, and above all to Hitler's hot-heads.

A LEGAL QUIBBLE.

—The legal quibble, by which the Government sought to justify the reprieve, seemed to enhance the weakness of the decision. In most countries boasting a civilized legal system, ignorance of the law is not (and cannot be) pleaded as an excuse for breaking the statutes in force. The Nazi murders were admittedly as premeditated as they were callous and brutal, and the position created by the argument justifying reprieve is as Gilbertian as it is cynical. A gang of brutal murderers are officially justified in a nimble calculation. It was a case of "just one more drink (of blood) before closing time." The Government was committed to the position of condoning with a wink that last drink on the ground that the assassins may have forgotten the summer time change in the clock. But what do we really know of the explosive possibilities of Germany? How imminent are disaster and bloody revolution? If ever a Government was compelled to (and justified in) an act of humiliating weakness, of turning the laws of God and man into a laughing stock and bringing the authority of Government into ridicule, that justifying crisis was surely present in Germany this week. But can that weakness, that surrender, be justified under any circumstances howsoever dreadful?

. . . .

It is a subject for debate as unanswerable as the moral question of whether starving men may as the last resort keep themselves alive on human flesh. If the life of any of them is essential to the safety of the rest, is the last expedient more easily justified? Certain it is that one secret is beginning to leak out from Germany to England, and that is the astounding influence which Hitler—a man unattractive and not inspiring in British eyes—exercises over a great part of Germany, that younger generation obsessed with the injustices of war, and the more flagrant injustices of peace which have brought their fatherland to the verge of ruin. Hitler doubtless is the justifying crisis, and a hasty world-disarmament is civilization's root remedy and *amende honorable*.

GERMANY AND WORLD PEACE.

—For the bitter truth is that Europe is further away from that *amende honorable* than in 1931. It all looked hopeful for the spring of this year with the Geneva Disarmament Conference in February and the Lausanne Reparations Conference in April. The peoples were willing and expectant, and the results were—pure bathos and moonshine. From Lausanne the initialling of a list of pious aspirations; from Geneva, after two months of talk, emerged the Hoover proposal. It was a root cure for half our present evils, and only Italy saw its value and wholeheartedly accepted it. Germany and some lesser fry reluctantly endorsed it, and all the other great Powers practially turned it down. The whole thing ended, as experiments with gas are apt to end, in smoke, and a sterile Resolution. Germany, therefore, may fairly claim that still the promises of the Versailles Treaty are wholly unfulfilled. And because of this burning injustice more than anything else, the most disastrous reactions may result in Germany and Europe. The success either of the Nazis or of the Communists (between which millstones the middle parties are being crushed to disintegration) must endanger the existence of the League of Nations and the settlement of Europe. If Hitler gains control, it may well mean the secession of South Germany and a bitter civil war. Peace in Germany depended, and still depends, on a union of the moderate parties, and such union is made impossible because the bitter sense of injustice in the nation has bred the most violent extremism and driven the moderate parties out of the fight. Unless the next London and the next Geneva Conferences achieve more real results than their predecessors in the direction of economic revival and of substantial disarmament, the German sore will poison the world, and instead of a trade revival there will be another wave of armament rivalry and squandermania.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

—Certainly there are encouraging features for returning holiday-makers, albeit in an active experience of thirty years I can recall few Septembers which lacked their seasonable and mild boom in commodity and stock prices. Those who bought a few shares of the leading rubber companies in July return to find their capital outlay doubled. Several important commodities have risen in price steadily and substantially. A report by the Celanese Companies reads like a fairy story and positively makes one's mouth water. For during the last weeks their sales have broken records and at raised prices. Such features as these encourage optimism. But I am firmly convinced that there is no present ground for optimism, and that this mild activity can be nothing but a flash in the pan until Europe rights the wrongs of Versailles and disarmament becomes more than a pious aspiration for an undefined future. While the German sore festers, the whole body of civilization must remain sick and poisoned. War debts and reparations questions will cure themselves, for, with or without sealing and signing, there can be no return to the old basis of war payments; but disarmament remains the vital, the immediate, necessity. And after disarmament the gradual lowering of tariff walls once more. There can be no permanent return to properity until these things are accomplished.

THE WAR OFFICE AND COMMONS.

—By the middle of September most of our Army training outside the immediate environment of barracks is over for the year. Before it is resumed next year, some very important questions of policy and practice must be thrashed out and settled once and for all. New problems have suddenly arisen as a result of the urgent cutting down of expenses on Army training—the question, for example, of the regular use of our commons in the vicinity of training centres for military exercises. In past years, when company and battalion training was finished, the Aldershot command had freer access to remoter areas in Hampshire and elsewhere for manœuvres and the training of larger units. This year economy has prevented the wider range, and the Surrey commons have been constantly used for the training of troops, alike in large and small units. The result has been a chorus of complaints from residents, much criticism of the tolerance or lethargy of trustees and guardians of public commons, and as vigorous a reply from supporters of the military point of view. Let it be said at once that the troops who have used these commons are magnificently controlled and well behaved. Damage done is instantly repaired as far as possible, litter is rigorously cleared up, and the public rights and amenities are interfered with as little as possible. Let it be said also that the Army is no alien interest. It is *our* Army; we pay for it, we are proud of it and we are not such fools as to suppose that, reduced as it is to the danger mark, it will repay us to scamp its training; or that units larger than a squad can be adequately trained on a barrack square or, for that matter, on the sum of the land available in Aldershot.

THE NATIONAL TRUST.

—But, granting these facts, the problem remains. During half the available daylight hours every week, some of the Surrey commons have been constantly in use by troops between May and mid-September. During those hours unquestionably the liberty of the public, especially of children, has been seriously curtailed. Complaints of disturbance at night by firing and troop movements have been made not seldom, but carry perhaps rather less weight. What, in these circumstances, is the position of (for example) the National Trust Committees? These guardians of public rights are patriots and good citizens as well as trustees of a definite trust. Clearly, if the enormously increased use of these commons by the military was admitted to be an emergency accommodation during an economy year, they should reply to their critics and complainants: "Grin and bear it; it is in the interests of the country." But an insidious and suspicious circumstance is observable. These commons have this year been used and regularly used, not, as in the past, for short manœuvres and the exercise of large units, but for battalion and even company training—that is to say they have been employed as "Aldershot training grounds," and justification for such use has been the admitted inadequacy of land in Aldershot. And this is a new departure on which a ruling must be obtained before next summer. This is an encroachment by the military far beyond their rights as taxpayers to "enjoy the amenities" of the public commons.

. . . .

It is, perhaps, regrettable that the loudest squawks concerning encroachment have come from writers, because at the present time there is a growing opinion that it would be no great loss to the country if, from interruptions of various kinds, the output of books were reduced by 50 per cent. Indeed, if 75 per cent. of the novels annually published by clever women-writers, incredibly experienced in sex problems, and 60 per cent. of the conclusions given to the world by world-famous political economists were to be axed by act of God or restraint of Princes, our country would not necessarily grow the poorer, morally and materially.

The strongest protest is assuredly that which is couched in the most restrained language. We are all inclined

sletter

to lend an ear to the quiet man in the corner who, without egotism and exaggeration, sets forth the case pro and con. Whereas your successful writer, disturbed at his work, protests as shrilly as a hen with chicks, and behaves as though the Fount of Wisdom had been dammed.

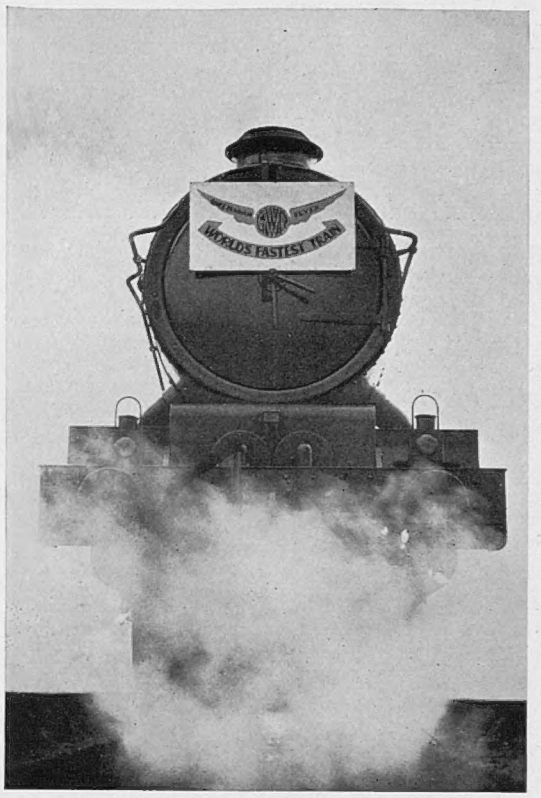
SPANISH JUSTICE.—Last week the Spanish Cortes decided by an overwhelming majority to seize all lands owned by the nobility. This was the result of the late anti-Republican rising which I foreshadowed, and the Spanish Government has approved it with trifling indemnity provisos. No attempt was made to disguise this deliberate injustice to a single class in the State. The good and popular aristocratic landlord is robbed with the bad, to stave off Communist revolution in Andalusia and to appease the peasantry which has become tinder for the sparks of Communism owing to lack of employment. And the inexorable maxims of nursery morality will swiftly work out to the damnation of the Spanish Government. No government can succeed which fails to mete out equal justice to every class. The loss of all sense of security for legal rights spells doom to a civilized social unit and sets it back to barbarism, and the very first fruits of this popular measure will be the refusal by the peasants to pay their dues on the expropriated lands to the State owner.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—The subject of children's books is a fascinating one, and I am glad to learn that we shall all improve our knowledge of it this autumn. America, ahead of us as usual, is already deeply interested in the acquisition of rare editions in this genre. From November 6 to 12 there is to be a boys' and girls' book week under the auspices of the N.B.C. London is not alone in the movement, for Oxford, Reading, Glasgow, and other great cities are joining hands and the booksellers smile on the plan. The Victoria and Albert Museum has promised an exhibition of Children's Illustrated Books from October 15 to November 12. They will show new as well as old books, and the comparison will be interesting, for it is expected that nearly a thousand volumes ranging from the 18th century to the War will be selected. They will be well chosen by three experts, among whom is Mr. Harvey Darton, until recently a noted collector and member of the famous house of Darton, which published children's books back in the 1700's. The Princess Royal is to open this show, and it will be rather like a return to fairyland for us middle-aged folk. I shall enjoy inspecting at leisure first editions of *Alice*, of *Sandford and Merton*, *Butterfly's Ball*, Grimm, Peacock, Lamb and the colour books of the Waterloo era, the miniature books and the 18th century nursery libraries. And there will be besides the early pioneering in "movable heads," folding plates and cut-out shapes; there will be autographed volumes by child owners; Baxter prints, chap books, wood-cuts; Doyle, Tenniel, Caldicott, Greenaway illustrations; the first essays at "limericks" and "moral games." In a word, middle age and old age will renew their youth and our children learn to bless or curse their own age.

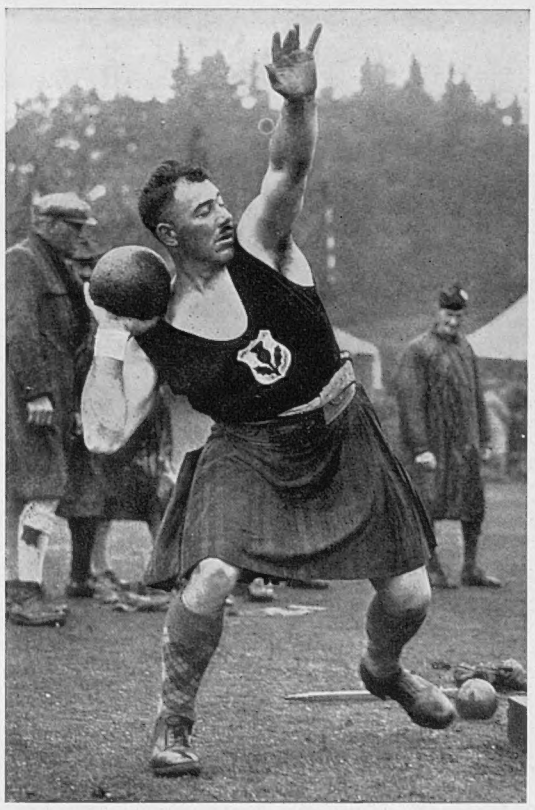
A GROUSE PROBLEM.—We were seven guns. The day was favourable. The beat had already been shot a fortnight earlier and yielded 80 brace. Our host told us that with good luck we might get 50 brace. The first drive yielded 3½ brace. The next two, which brought us to luncheon, carried the bag to 98½ brace. At the end of the day we had 175 brace, well over twice the bag first time over, and quite four times the estimate of our very experienced host. There were many experts among the guns, keepers, and loaders present, but none offered an acceptable explanation of this phenomenon. The first day over the beat was quite favourable for shooting; the drives are short drives very favourable for combing the area driven, and the ground was not sparsely beaten; the preponderance of old birds first time over was admittedly enormous, but it was still very high second time over; the temperature each day was much the same, though on the sultry side; the shooters on each occasion were reasonably efficient; all adjoining moors were being shot in the normal way; such young birds as fell first time over were well grown. Where did the birds hide first time over? Or whence did they come in for the second shoot? There is no recognized mass migration at this time of year, and none of the neighbouring moors which were being regularly shot over noticed any abnormal diminution of their stock.

THE OLD STAGER.

ROUGH WEATHER ON THE SOUTH COAST: Hastings has caught the worst of the gales that have characterized September. Not only did the storm of the first Sunday of the month strike the town, famous since 1066, more severely than its neighbours but even more recently, as is seen in this picture taken last week-end, great waves lashed the esplanade, deluging the front with spray



THE FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD TO GO EVEN FASTER: The famous "Cheltenham Flyer" of the Great Western Railway, which already covers the stretch of 77¼ miles between Paddington and Swindon in 67 min.—*i.e.* at an average speed of 69·18 m.p.h.—is now to reduce its time for this journey by 2 min., thus increasing its pace to 71·5 m.p.h. *On right* are driver Lewis and fireman Jarvis of the superb locomotive



THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: Mr. E. Anderson putting the heavy stone at what is, perhaps, the most famous of all the Highland sports events

THE JUNIOR CHAMPION: Miss Harman (with cup), who won the Junior Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon, with the runner-up, Miss Whitmarsh

MOTORING NEWS of the DAY

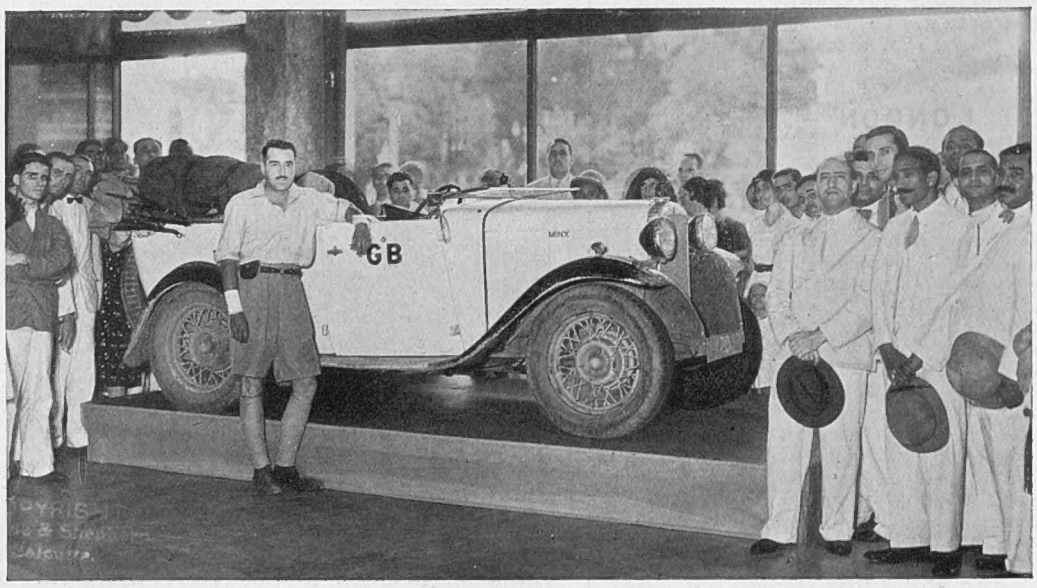
THE WINNER of the Ladies' Handicap Race at Brooklands last Saturday was Miss P. Naismith, driving D. Hall Caine's Salmson at an average speed of 86'3 m.p.h.

MRS. KATHLEEN PETRE at the wheel of her giant Invicta, in which she competed in the Ladies' Handicap last week-end, one of Brooklands most popular events

FILLING UP: Miss E. Ellison, one of the eleven starters, giving her car a drink before competing in the Ladies' Handicap last week-end at Brooklands

BEFORE THE START: A section of the eleven competitors in the Ladies' Handicap at Brooklands surrounded by mechanics and friends prior to their nine-mile dash along the famous concrete track. Beauty as well as boldness characterized the mechanical Atalantas

THE EASTBOURNE CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE had a large and distinctive entry, no fewer than 240 competitors participating in it. Mrs. Needham is seen above cleaning up her Invicta assisted by Miss Irvin



LONDON TO INDIA BY CAR: Captain Yates Benyon reached Calcutta in forty-four days, breaking the record held since 1926 by Mr. Drader. The new record was established on a Hillman Minx. Captain Yates Benyon was held up for six days outside Quetta

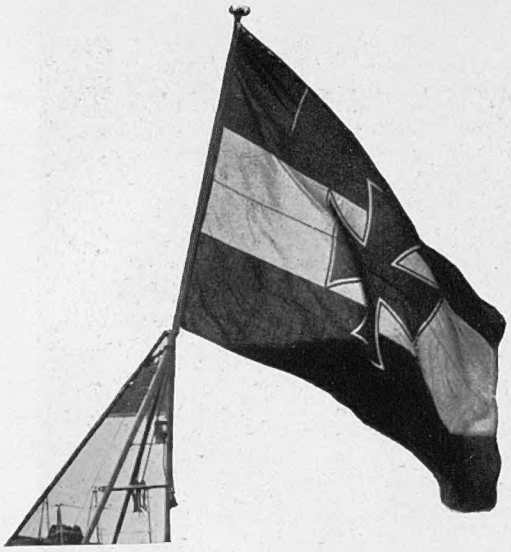
YACHTING in SEPTEMBER

THE LADIES' RACE for the East Coast One-Design boats — an event organized by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at Burnham-on-Crouch

BURNHAM YACHTING WEEK came to a successful conclusion on Saturday last. This picture shows competitors in the International 12 square metre Sharpie Team races at Burnham-on-Crouch, the great Essex "nursery of yachtsmen." *Lightning, Mieke II, Wide Keel,* and *Thermopylæ* are feeling the breeze

A JOYOUS MISADVENTURE: During the yacht races at Great South Bay, Long Island, the C.C. class *Good Idea,* capsized in the Race of Babylon. Messrs. Arthur and Eugene Kennedy and Mr. Robert Burke are seen above actually in the water immediately after the upset

BOUND FOR THE RACES: Miss J. Joy and Mr. G. O. Thompson off to board *Lightning* during Burnham Yachting Week



THE IRON CROSS still flaunts its menace across the Seven Seas

GERMANY'S THREAT ON THE SEAS

GREAT GUNS on board the cruiser *Koenigsberg*

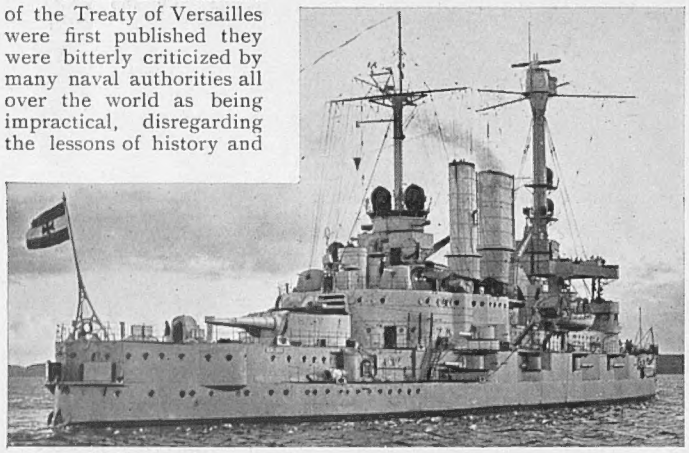
With the same Ingenuity with which she Created an Army by at once Keeping the Literal but Evading the Spiritual Terms of the Napo'eonic Veto, so she is Flouting while Obeying the Treaty of Versailles, this time in the Naval Branch. Her Efforts, which Bid Fair to Create and Control a New Balance of Power in Europe, are Revealed Below

By F. C BOWEN

The bombshell which Germany has dropped into the Chancelleries of Europe, claiming the right to re-arm unless the other European Powers disarm down to the standard imposed on her by the Treaty of Versailles, with the threat to withdraw from the Disarmament Conference, which appears to be a matter of little moment, and to bring her armament up to the standard which she considers necessary, might have been anticipated, although the exact form which it took came as a complete surprise.

Ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles it has been obvious that the general opinion in Germany was that the disarmament clauses could not possibly last, and there have been any number of people outside the country who shared the opinion and considered that present conditions in Europe would prevent their enforcement in any circumstances. The factor which causes most speculation is the occasion on which the demand is put forward, when there is no pressure exerted on Germany, and when the financial condition of the country appears to preclude the threat being made good. The manner in which the demand was put forward to France only has centred most attention on the land side, the size of the army, conditions of service, possession of prohibited weapons, and land fortifications, but it is clear that the German authorities have their navy in mind just as much as the army.

When the naval clauses of the Treaty of Versailles were first published they were bitterly criticized by many naval authorities all over the world as being impractical, disregarding the lessons of history and leaving many loopholes. Experience during the last twelve years has certainly confirmed this criticism. Frankly, the Treaty of Versailles was a politician's document, the position of the naval and military advisers being a very invidious one, and the views that they were permitted to express being frequently completely disregarded.



THE OLD—The battleship *Schlesien*, one of the most obsolete and barely seaworthy vessels of the old Imperial Navy retained by the German Government in preference to a more modern vessel that it may the earlier be replaced by a boat yet more up-to-date under the conditions of the Treaty of Versailles

Briefly, the conditions laid down for the German Fleet were as follows. Capital ships were limited to six in commission and two in reserve, the Germans being allowed their choice of vessels remaining to them. An age limit of twenty years was imposed, after which they could be replaced by modern ships provided that none exceeded 10,000 tons standard displacement. Six cruisers were also allowed in commission and two in reserve, with the same age limit and the proviso that the new ships were not to exceed 6,000 tons standard displacement, or to carry a gun of greater calibre than 6 inches. Torpedo craft were lumped together, destroyers and torpedo boats, and twenty-two were allowed in commission with eleven in reserve. Fifteen years was the age limit in their case, while the displacement of destroyers was not to exceed 800 tons and of torpedo boats 200. Submarines in the German Navy, and their construction for other Powers in German yards, were entirely prohibited.

Bearing in mind how the German short-service army was built up to enormous numbers following Napoleon's terms after Leipzig, the manning of the German fleet by conscription was barred; the personnel was to be entirely voluntary, the officers enlisted for twenty-five years and the ratings for twelve. The numbers were limited to a total of 15,000: 1,500 officers and 13,500 men.

On paper the safeguards appear to be sufficiently complete but naval men saw the loopholes which were presented and, as they anticipated, the German authorities had taken very full advantage of them. But in many cases this advantage has been much more valuable than anybody ever anticipated.

It began with the selection made by the German Navy of the ships which they were allowed to keep. There were quite a number of modern vessels available, quite effective and good for many years' work, but instead, the Germans chose some of the oldest units of the fleet, ships which were far beyond any battle value, and spent a large sum modernizing them sufficiently to let them go to sea for a period of years and be effective for training purposes. It was an expensive process, but it left Germany with the opportunity of replacing practically the entire fleet as soon as there was any reason to do so and yet remain within the terms of the Treaty. The German Admiralty was, in fact, in no hurry to lay down new ships, but made long and careful preparation to be sure to get the utmost value out of their money.

A few destroyers which were mainly for police purposes in the Baltic, and a cruiser which was named *Emden* for propaganda purposes and which was intended very largely to show the German flag round the world and to restore German prestige, were the only units commenced for some years. And in the case of the *Emden* it was significant that, although she was the most striking cruiser of her size in the world, allowance was made in her original plans for her to be partially reconstructed and made very much more powerful when opportunity arose and when certain experiments which were then put in train had been carried to a successful conclusion.

The experiments carried out by the German Navy were, in fact, a very big influence in the situation, although it was very difficult to check them even when the victorious Powers maintained naval missions in the country. Money was no object in them; huge sums were spent and a fair and thorough trial given to every promising idea that was put forward. Any number were found to be impractical, but the balance gave quite a new aspect to the German Fleet.

Eventually the results of these expensive experiments began to show themselves. The *Koenigsberg*, *Karlsruhe*, and *Koln*, cruisers whose design was based on that of the *Emden*, proved themselves a very great improvement and, for their limited displacement, extraordinarily powerful. Every possible expedient had been employed for saving weight; the steel in their hulls was the finest and lightest that had ever been employed in the construction of men-of-war, and, wherever possible, electric welding took the place of riveting, giving greater strength and at the same time saving weight. Their latest cruiser, *Leipzig*, carries these principles still further, and is the wonder ship of her type in the world. She is the first big fighting ship to have a Diesel engine for cruising purposes, greatly increasing her radius of action and combining with the steam turbines to increase her speed at full power.

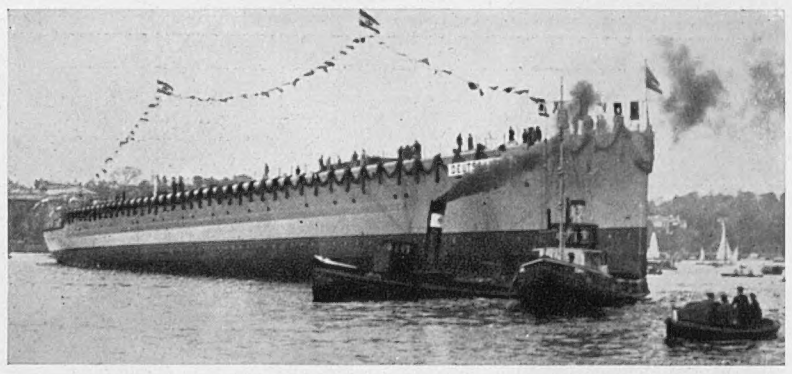
But the greatest surprise of all was the battleship, *Deutschland*, which was laid down in 1928 and which is now just completed. Her displacement is limited to 10,000 tons, in accordance with the wording of the treaty, but no 10,000-ton battleship had ever been dreamed of which could touch her. With a powerful battery of six 11-in. guns backed by many smaller pieces, she is remarkably well armoured against shell fire and minutely subdivided against torpedoes and mines. The electric welding of the whole of her hull has saved an immense weight, and her Diesel engines, designed to give her a speed of 26 knots and radius of action of no less than 10,000 sea miles at 20 knots, are the lightest ever built. Every possible expedient has been employed to reduce the weight and increase the strength, and although, of course, they cannot be described as successful until they have had the test of at least one commission, they give every promise.

But she has cost something like £4,000,000 sterling, and £400 per ton is a bigger price than has ever been paid for a surface man-of-war in any navy. When her details were first published the naval world was incredulous, but it has come to take her very seriously indeed, for she can outstrip any battleship and could easily sink any cruiser except the three remaining battle-cruisers in the Royal Navy. In order to feel safe in her northern waters with a man-of-war that can outpace and outfight the *Deutschland*, France has had to go to no less than 26,000 tons displacement with the new *Dunkerque* which is about to be laid down at Brest.

Germany was prohibited from building or owning submarines, but her naval authorities had not the least intention of dropping behind in the technique of that branch, after having led the world in the latter days of the War. The treaty only applies to Germany. German brains have opened a perfectly legal bureau in Holland, and the designs that have been turned out there are certainly equal to any in the world and have attracted great attention in Russia and elsewhere.

A modern fleet has to have modern bases, and the treaty very strictly limited Germany. So the best bases were sacrificed; but in order to have them ready for service again when the navy was revived, as every German believed it would be, they were put to commercial use with the backing of the Government. When German shipbuilding was working to capacity, replacing the surrendered ships and obtaining a large number of foreign orders on the level of the mark, these dockyards were kept profitably busy, their machinery in good order and all their skilled workmen ready for the call.

But in this particular the Admiralty's plans have been upset by the long continuance of the shipping and shipbuilding slump. The former dockyards could only be kept running by means of a generous subsidy from the Government, and it was only natural that private German shipbuilders should complain bitterly when the others were thus given a big advantage in obtaining the few orders which were to be had.



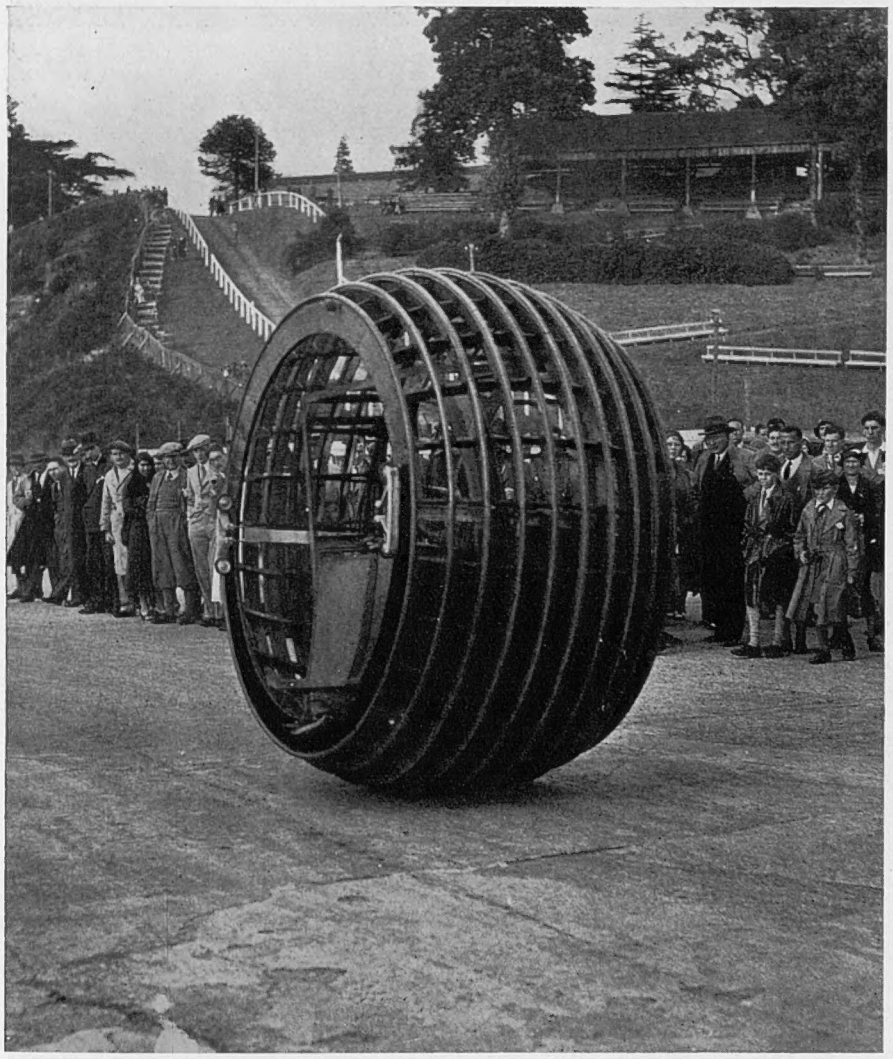
—AND THE NEW: The wonder ship, *Deutschland*, immediately after her launch. She could only be matched, despite her bare 10,000 tons, by the new *Dunkerque* of France, which turns 26,000. To save weight her hull was welded throughout instead of rivetted, and her armament is amazingly powerful

That, however, was the only failure in the German plan, and in the matter of personnel they have been even more successful than in the material. Before

(Continued on p. 440)

A NEW ERA?

THE LATEST TYPE OF TRANSPORT; The Dynasphere invented by Dr. J. A. Purves. A driver and two passengers are seen seated within this leather-tyred ball. In front of one of them is the steering-wheel and the platform of the inner arc is also visible

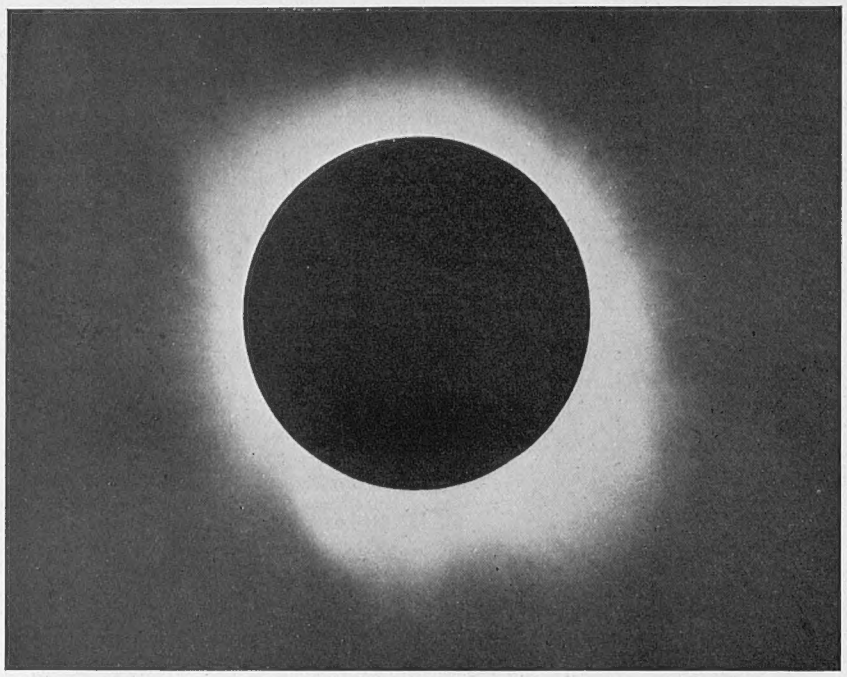


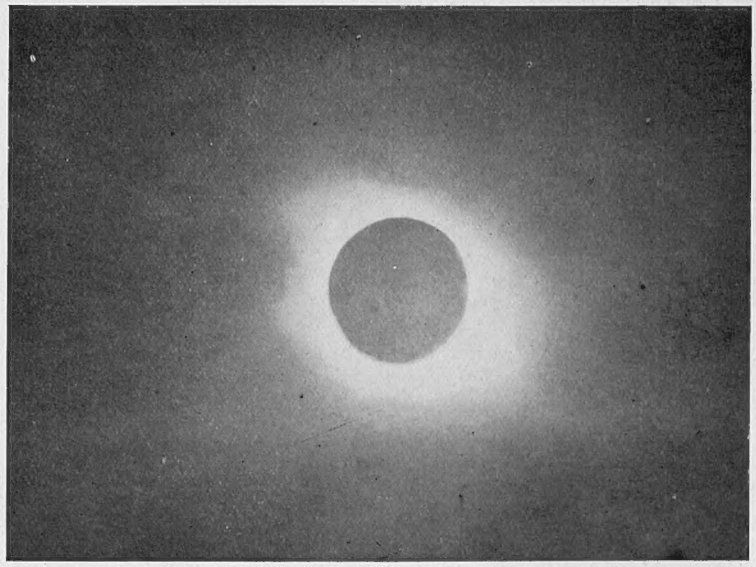
A DEBUT AT BROOKLANDS: The Dynasphere rolling along like a ball on its central leather tyres

IMPOSSIBLE TO UPSET: Mr. C. E. Purves and Miss Shilling try to pull over the Dynasphere

The spherical motor-car of which occasional glimpses have been obtained was given a full dress demonstration at Brooklands last week. This extraordinary type of transport is the invention of Dr. J. A. Purves of Taunton. The general idea of its propulsion evidently derives from the old idea of the squirrel in the cage. There is no pushing round or driving of the wheels in contact with the ground as with an ordinary motor vehicle. The Dynasphere simply rolls along like a ball. The outer section of the mechanism takes the form of a skeleton of ten metal rings, each furnished with a leather tyre, and when in actual motion and on a straight course the Dynasphere balances itself perfectly on its centre tyre. The carriage remains more or less stationary riding on runners, the inner surface of the main structure. Only when braking, starting, or turning does the carriage move.

LATE NEWS

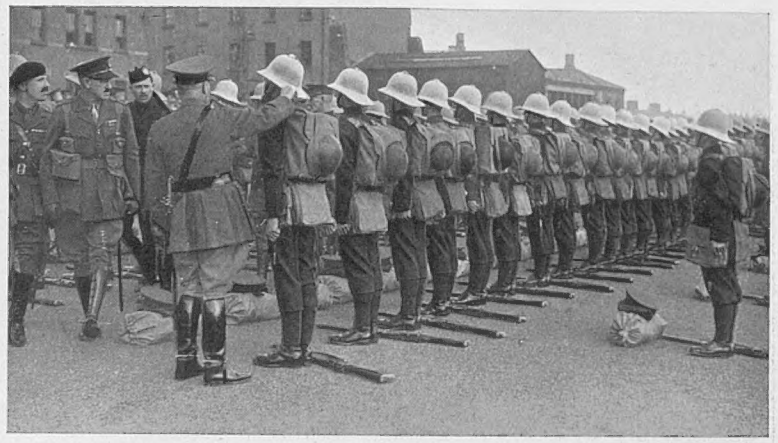




THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN BY THE MOON: Two studies of "Totality." That on the left was recorded by the United States Naval Observatory Staff under the command of Commander C. H. J. Keppler at their camp at Limerick, in the State of Maine, and was taken with a 15-ft. camera shooting through thin clouds. The right-hand picture was taken at Fryeburg, Maine, where the clouds, apparently, were considerably denser. The dazzling phenomena were observed by huge crowds

FLOODS IN MANCHUKUO: The area in the neighbourhood of Harbin has been seriously inundated recently. The left-hand picture shows a group of victims, while that on the right shows a main thoroughfare in the town in which traffic—horse, motor, and foot—still carries on with the energy of the West or the stoicism of the East. The damage in the whole area is assessed, as we go to press, at one million dollars

JEWRY IN SCOTLAND: The opening and consecration of the new Synagogue in Edinburgh was attended by leading members of the great race from all over the world. Above are the Very Rev. Dr. Hertz, the Rev. Dr. Salis Daiches, Mr. H. J. Levitt, and Lord Provost Sir T. B. Whitson



TILTED TO THE PROPER ANGLE: Before embarking for Egypt, the Royal Ulster Rifles were inspected in Belfast by the G.O.C. of Northern Ireland. Their pith-helmets were adjusted to the satisfaction of the authorities at the ceremony

"FARMERS' HOLIDAY" IN THE U.S.: Nebraska and Iowa farmers picketing Omaha, Neb., to prevent truck shipments of foodstuffs from entering the city—a consequence of the recent economic disturbances

NOT SO DORMY: Miss P. and Miss M. Barton with Miss F. Petters (centre) at Stoke Poges for the Girls' Championship

RAIN prevented the King and Queen from attending the Braemar Gathering. Mr. C. Mackintosh, the President of the Society, Mr. A. G. Cuming, who has not missed a gathering since 1880, and Lord Dunedin are seen above

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN: Mountaineers crossing under the Torii, the sacred gate near the top of Fuji-yama whose snow-clad summit, present in 70 per cent. of Japanese pictures, towers 12,300 ft. above the sea. The mountaineering season is in full swing in Nippon

FROM THE FAR EAST

ADVERTISING IN THE EAST: The manager of the leading theatre of Tokio, the Kabukiza, employs street musicians as sandwich-men to advertise a new production by his famous company

THE HOMAGE OF MANCHUKUO: M. Tokuzu Komai, Director of the General Affairs Bureau of the new Republic, which owes not only its existence but also its ruler to Japanese influence, flew to Tokio to worship in the Meiji shrine on the twentieth anniversary of Meiji-Tenno's death

PORCINE PERIPATETICS: A cargo of pigs, each encased in a separate cage, travelling by boat at Saigon, the great French city of Cochin-China, a Far-Eastern colony of the French Republic

EXILES: The daughters of Prince Paribatra of Nagor Svarga, who was requested to leave his native Siam at the change of government. The Princesses are seen with a Siamese ex-Consul-General in Singapore

APOSTLES OF THE AIR

PRE-WAR HEROES: Fonck, one of the greatest of French aces; Orville Wright, brother of the more famous Wilbur; and Colonel Cody of the huge Cathedral fame

It seems probable that Mollison's solo flight in a Puss Moth across the world's most perilous and difficult area has concluded an aeroplane period even as August, 1914, and November, 1918, terminated aerial chapters in bygone days. The world has proved itself a comparatively small place for the record-breaking machine. In a matter of thirteen odd years the universe's spaces and spectacular opportunities have been more or less exhausted. There now remains little more to be done by human endurance and virtuosity that would carry forward practically the story of the aeroplane. Everything arresting seems to have been accomplished. New material and invention will have to arrive before further strides are made in the chapter that is to come. This is not saying we aren't going to witness new triumphs in the years directly ahead. Obviously we are. Doubtless somebody will do the double Atlantic crossing and loop the loop over London or New York before starting back. No doubt Post and Gatty's fifteen-day answer to Jules Verne's eighty-day tortoise crawl will be halved. Very likely an R.A.F. successor to Jones-Williams will make Australia in a couple of 4,000-mile hops. And Frenchmen will similarly leap from Paris to Tonkin and Americans make Tokio non-stop. Nevertheless, these and kindred surhuman deeds will be but perpetuating, be of the same nature and quality as prowess already demonstrated. They will not be breaking new ground. Hence the suggestion that the possibilities of the universe for arresting pioneer flight of the epoch-making character are for the time being exhausted.

Such a moment, if my premise be correct, naturally lends itself to retrospective assessment. A milestone in the air has been reached, and the occasion is a fitting one to look back for the purpose of sifting and sorting great achievement.

How many times has one discussed and argued which have been the greatest flying feats? Views have varied so, except for one or two at the top, while the tendency has been to allot all lustre to the post-War period. Further, difficulties are apt to arise over what is meant by the word "great"; by what process of elimination does one arrive at it? Let me give an example. If you had to decide between Scott's eight-day return from Australia and Grahame White's first night flight, which would you put into a list such as this article covers? Possibly neither. However, both were superlative achievements, and very near entry. Personally, I should opt for Grahame White, because his rising over telegraph wires from a field, by the aid of car headlights in 1910, opened the history of night flying.

The story of aeroplane flight very definitely breaks itself up into three chapters: pre-War, War, post-War, the last being the interval of individual record-smashing which may just be easing off. In weighing values, the essential is to put oneself back into far-off conditions, how things were then for man and machine, what handicaps had then to be faced compared with subsequent years. Latham's falling into the Channel thrilled almost as much as Hawker's falling into the Atlantic a decade later. The attempt was nearly as noble, if we remember Latham's primitive Antoinette monoplane beside the Australian's war-perfected biplane with Rolls engine.

A pitfall to avoid is boosting one's own countrymen. It behoves one to mount into a lighthouse, as it were, to acquire a just international sweep.

My opening vote goes to the first public flight of Wilbur Wright, of two hours, at Le Mans in 1908. Previous to that there had been scepticism. This opened all our eyes to the new era that was upon us. Wright had to have a pulley runway, also complete atmospheric calm, and he rarely rose above 30 ft. or flew faster than 40 m.p.h. Yet his effort marked the kick-off of practical flying as distinct from semi-secret skips and hops usually ending in broken wood.

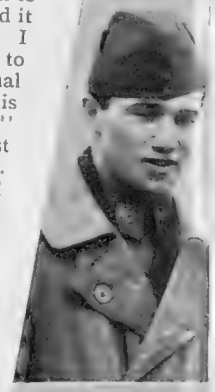
1909 was a memorable year. It saw the first air meeting at Rheims, and the first man publicly killed, Waechter; it witnessed the conquest of the Channel by Blériot; and somebody else, I forget, who ascended 2,000 ft., thereby opening prospects of lunar visits. I recollect seeing Latham fly in half a gale at Blackpool: first deliberate ascent in unfavourable conditions. The following year saw Rolls do the double-Channel crossing, Paulhan win the first cross-country race, Grahame White ascend in the dark, Chavez cross the Alps to his death, and Curtiss fly the first flying-boat. Which of these feats shall be retained here? I select Blériot and Chavez. The first man to beat the sea, and the first to beat the mountains, blazed trails which we are still pursuing to this day. Here were glowing one-man feats which fired imaginations left and right, and conducted definitely onward along the right, result-yielding road. When they lifted the dying young Peruvian from amid his "broken wood," sequel to a faulty landing after the snowy peaks had been beheld from aloft, people were quite sad about it.

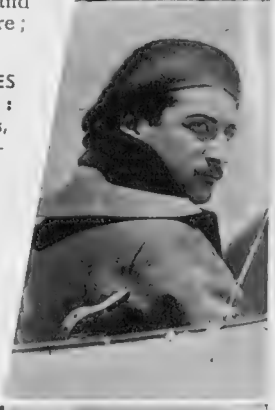
The pre-War period of immaturity and learning, so clear-cut and different in its experimenting and surprises, continued with the professional successes of Garros and Védrines. Garros, France's idol, met an eagle over the Pyrenees on the way from Paris to Madrid. The bird was probably terrified and dazed and trying like fury to be off, but the papers said Garros had been attacked by an eagle, and how that thrilled too! And Cody died in a very strange manner in his "cathedral." And Hamel became the first aerial tourist, precursor of now-familiar week-ends and rallies here and there. And Pégoud looped the loop.

The story was almost confined to two countries. Germans and Italians did little. Americans not so much as might have been expected, though possessing Orville Wright and Curtiss. By becoming the father of aerial acrobatics, thereby anticipating subsequent war flying and adding greatly to aerial safety in peace time, Pégoud probably enters any list. Blériot worked the thing out on paper and told Pégoud he must not do it under 3,000 ft. No one ever expected to speak with Pégoud again. A week later he was reaping well-earned reward putting people's hearts in their mouths at Brooklands. Until Pégoud, aviators were only too jolly glad to maintain a level keel. The Frenchman showed that the air was really not such a deadly foe after all. He gave more confidence, perhaps, than any man before or since.

Then 1914, most famous year in history, and when the Germans ruined a world so many people loved.

Is it possible to include war-flyers at all in this selection? They flew in such totally abnormal conditions, when life was about the last thing to be taken into consideration and when dozens of airmen, German, British, French, were accomplishing equally heroic and wonderful feats—the vast majority never catalogued—that comparison with the two other chapters, pre- and post-War, is not easy. The War supplied a closed chapter of flight—one which bore no relation to what had gone before, nor did it dovetail into what followed. I do not believe it is possible to fasten on to any individual feats or men and say "Here is a certain case for our list." Warneford will come most readily to mind, and Robinson. And there was our friend Garros, who revolutionized aerial combat by being the first man to fire through a propeller, as he also excelled in dropping agents behind the enemy lines. But think of the others who, too, require attention—Guynemer and Fonck and Nungesser and Navarre;





On right—HEROES OF THE SKY: Ball and Garros, two of the greatest of the war-time aces of Britain and France. It was Garros who first fired through the prop.

THE EARLIER SIX: Mr. Wilbur Wright, the pioneer; M. Blériot of the Channel; Senhor Chavez of the Alps; M. Pégoud of the loop; Colonel Lindbergh of the Atlantic; and the late Sir John Alcock and Sir W. Brown of the first Atlantic trip. *Above* are Professor Piccard of the Stratosphere, Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth of the Schneider Cup, and Mr. Hinkler of the first solo flight to Australia

PIONEERS: Grahame White, of the first night ascent; Gustav Hamel, the first aerial tourist; and G. H. Curtiss, the pioneer of the flying-boat

The Twelve Greatest Feats in Aerial History Selected from a Multitude of Sky-born Epics

By FERDINAND TUOHY

McCudden and Ball and Bishop; Immelmann and Boelcke and Richthofen. In France, Immelmann was the aviators' man; he was considered the master flyer of them all, inventing, among other things, his own landing. The temptation would be to put Warneford, Guynemer, and Immelmann—the last two as champion pioneers of combat in the first air war—in this list. But, all things considered, it may be sounder to pass over 1914–1918, taking no names from it.

And so to astonishing post-War prowess—

It was my lot to go and fetch Hawker off his boat, the *Mary*, near the Orkneys. Hawker and Grieve fell into the Atlantic after 700 miles and were rescued after 1½ hours. They did not reach signalling distance for a week and their delirious return was a case of men back from the dead. When, three weeks later, Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic, the enthusiasm was not the same. Yet, viewed in retrospect, the two had accomplished a feat that does not fade with the years and which, I understand, professional airmen place at the head of any and all lists. I take leave to agree—the thing was achieved so long, long ago—and it has ever been a source of wonder why these first knights of the air are not represented, like Scott and Shackleton and other pioneers, in statue form in London. Perhaps the notion is to wait until Brown passes, too; but then, maybe, a future generation will not be so interested. No other nation would be so backward, and one result is that not a foreigner in a score believes, when he is told, that the Atlantic was conquered eight years before Lindbergh, and in a war-worn, open biplane. Actually, the French have carved on their Nungesser monument, "Aux premiers qui ont osé." When Lindbergh triumphed I was in the Basqueland and I recollect being treated as an amiable détraqué when I told a café audience of the long-before British crossing. I heard from one corner, "les Anglais veulent toujours avoir fait tout les premiers."

Lindbergh finds instant inclusion for a beautiful thing beautifully done; he remains far and away the most popular American of his time (a one-generation Swede). The "flying fool's" faith in himself and in his "Spirit of St. Louis" was sublime. He excels as none other ever has in a bird-like sense of direction. From point to point, minutely, Lindbergh has the gift of flying. Most people would put him at the top of the list, yet it is highly probable that if he were asked himself he would consider the immense structural and reliability advance made between 1919 and 1927, and give pride of place to Alcock and Brown.

Another name which one does not hesitate to include is that of Costes, a tremendous flyer over the wide world, and who crowned things, in company with Bellonte, by doing what Lindbergh had done, only in the opposite and more difficult direction. True, Von Hunenberg and his companions anticipated Paris–New York with Baldonnel–Labrador, but the Frenchmen's flight a few weeks later was far longer, more accurate and less exacting, smoother.

Arresting performances have fallen thick one upon the other in more recent times, and it is a difficult matter to sift the permanent landmarks—or, rather, airmarks—from the less constructive flights.

Chamberlin's first passenger flight, New York–Kottbus; and long prior to that, Keith and Ross Smith's pioneer Australian venture; Pelletier d'Oisy's blazing of the trail to the East with Paris—the Straits in a few days (this was nine years ago); Post and Gatty's round-the-world effort; Byrd's flights over both Poles; Hinkler's solo crossing of the Pacific; Kingsford-Smith's first conquest of that ocean, together with his several other feats classing him in the topmost ranks of constructive pioneer flyers; Amy Johnson's placing of her sex on the aviation map; the great Rome–Natal (South America) record of two Italian officers whose names escape me, and also General Balbo's crossing of the Southern Atlantic in formation; Franco's first conquest of this stretch, for Spain; Lalouette's three-day dash to the Cape, and Mollison's Australian, Cape, and Atlantic epics; all these—and more I have overlooked or have no space to include—must be taken into consideration. For instance, there is Miss Earhart, and Lieutenant Stainforth's 407 m.p.h. (In fairness to the Germans, Versailles has considerably cramped their style; we are likely to hear more from them in future years.)

Five places remain to be filled, and why not allot them to Kingsford-Smith for his Pacific page in aviation; to Byrd, for his Polar exposing of the aeroplane's adaptability to all climes; to Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, unique family record which most foreign nations would endorse; and the twelfth place to whom? There are so many candidates and performances still to choose from. The Italians would assuredly advance the formation flight. It was pioneer work, yet there was such a gang. Hinkler, the courageous, must command many suffrages, as also should the State-aided Stainforth. And the Americans have their speeding ace, Hawks, who careers about the earth as if it were even smaller than Einstein lets us believe. As for the French, they hold forty air records for not a single one of which any other nations competed.

Well, being unable to fix on any one name—though, constructively, Stainforth is strongly indicated, still one has rejected the Services. Yet it does seem impossible to omit the air-lines type of routine flyer who has done so much for aviation. Sir Alan Cobham at once comes to mind, although one hesitates to advance another Anglo-Saxon (still, Warneford, Stainforth, and Hinkler are being left out). Cobham's flying-boat mapping and cruising round half the earth was a rare and valuable performance, if not as hair-raising and compelling as other feats:

Wilbur Wright	Costes and Bellonte
Blériot	Kingsford-Smith
Chavez	Byrd
Pégoud	Amy Johnson
Alcock and Brown	Mollison
Lindbergh	Cobham

The chapter that looks now as if it were opening—Chapter IV in aviation—has, naturally enough, to do with potential high-speed flying up in the calm, to-be-relied-upon stratosphere. Piccard has told me his conviction that this swift flying should come about within a few years, and there is small reason not to respect the views of a Piccard.

Despite its tragedies, it has been a great game since the War.

One reason it may be over is that the same glittering prizes are no longer offered, the gilt of novelty having worn away. I see it computed that flyers have garnered, one way or the other, £250,000 in coin or in kind—lots of the latter—since the first £10,000 prizes of thirteen years ago. Here are some specifications:

For naming the machine after a food product, £100.

For promising to play Yo-yo *en route*, £100.

For carrying watches, £50.

For chewing gum, £30.

For carrying cocoa, £50.

For naming the machine after a town, £250.

For drinking beer, £50.

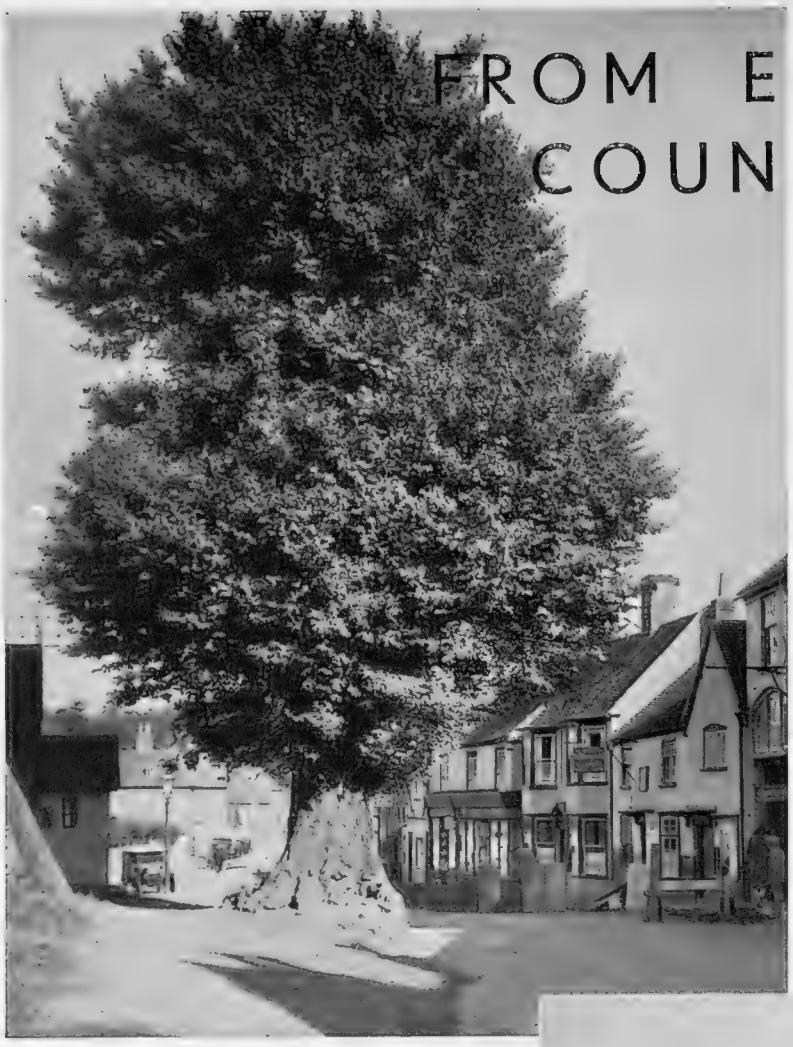
For carrying a bottle of whisky, £100.

On left—MILITARY AERONAUTS: Guynemer, perhaps the most famous of French war aces, and General Balbo, the greatest peace-time force in military aviation

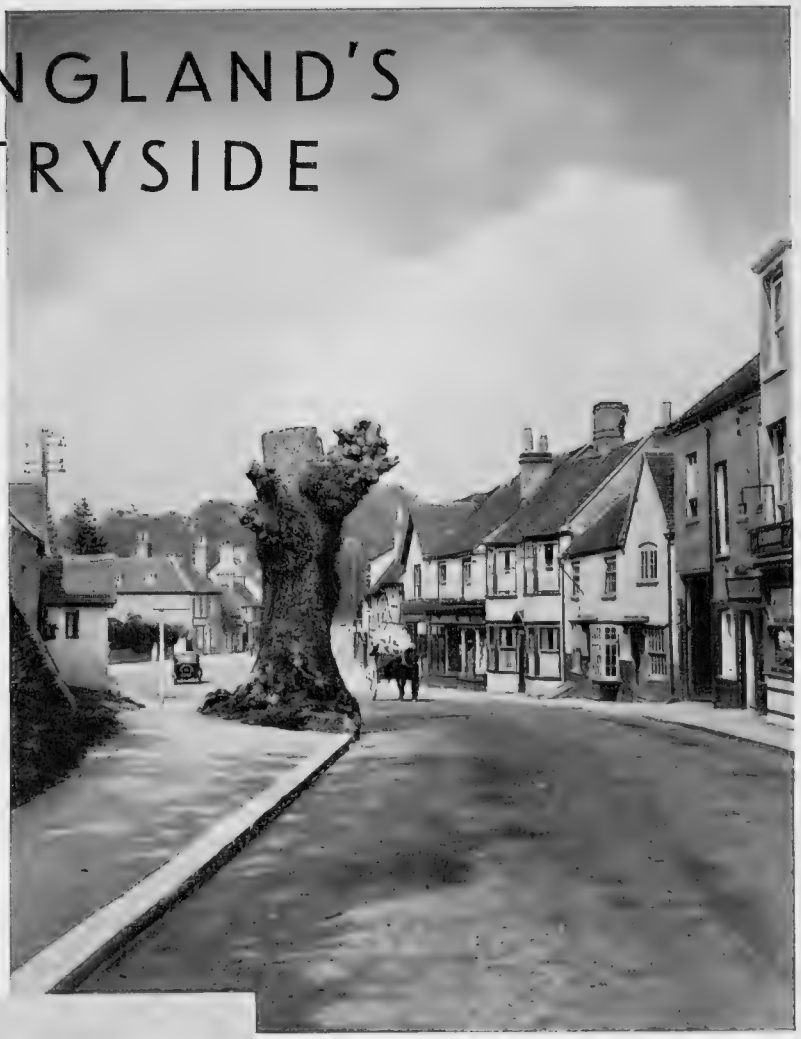
Pictures by Topical

THE LATER SIX: M. Costes and M. Bellonte of the East-West Atlantic; Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith of the Pacific; Admiral Byrd of the Antarctic; Miss Amy Johnson (Mrs. Mollison) of the Anglo-Australia flight; Mr. Mollison of the first solo East-West Atlantic crossing; and Sir Alan Cobham of the Empire. *Above* are three outstanding airwomen, Miss Winifred Brown of the King's Cup; Miss Earhart (Mrs. Putnam) of the West-East Atlantic; and Miss Winifred Spooner of the joy-ride circus

FROM ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE



MILTON'S ELM: The famous tree at Chalfont St. Giles, which was over five centuries old, has been grievously truncated owing to its allegedly dangerous position. The stump, however, is preserved as a memorial to the epic poet



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF MILTON'S ELM: The stump of the 500-year-old tree in Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., seen in the left-hand picture in all its glory—a costly sacrifice to road efficiency

ANTI-FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE: To limit the spread of the outbreak in Devon, which has supervened after a three years' immunity, wagon wheels are sprayed with disinfectant

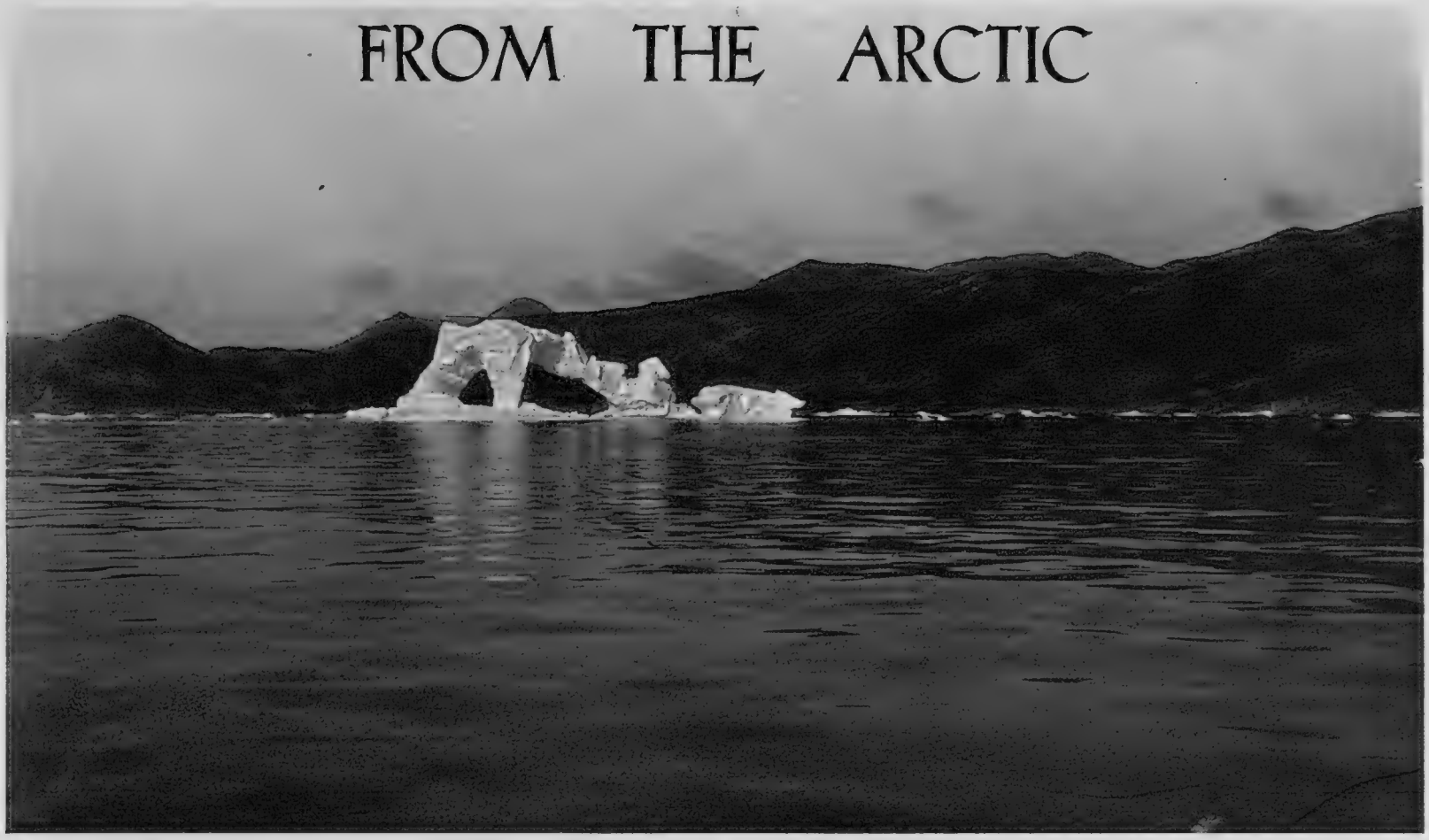
FINLAND IN ENGLAND: The English and Scandinavian Summer School of Physical Education is now in full swing at Milner Court, Sturry, Kent. A Finnish dance is seen above in progress in native costume

A HAT TRICK was performed by batsmen and fielders in a match on Tunbridge Wells Common when the local Toc H team played the Southborough Trades Association team dressed in old costumes

A MODEL VILLAGE CHANGES HANDS: The main street of Milton Abbas, Dorset, showing how the houses are separated by trees. The right-hand picture shows the village inn named after the owner of the land, Sir Eric Hambro. The famous banker has now sold his mansion, Milton Abbey, to the Benedictines, which Order is to turn it into a preparatory school

When the sale of the entire contents of Milton Abbey, the Dorset home of Sir Eric Hambro, the banker, began on September 12, it broke up a marvellous collection of old and historic possessions. The mansion itself, together with the remains of the pre-Conquest abbey (now the private chapel), has been purchased by the Benedictines, who intend to turn it into a preparatory school. The present mansion was built in 1771 by the first Lord Milton, who was not too popular in the neighbourhood. Where the lawn and ornamental lake now lie, a thriving town once stood, Milton Abbas, but on the completion of the mansion, Lord Milton was horrified to find that not only did this spoil his view, but the townsfolk crossed his lawn when journeying from one part of the town to the other. This was not to be borne by the self-important lord (born plain Joseph Damer), so he destroyed the entire town, housing the inhabitants in a model village he built round the spur of the hills, out of sight. The village still stands, and one must be grateful to the selfish peer, for it is very beautiful.

FROM THE ARCTIC



GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS! A superb specimen of iceberg structure in the form of a Gothic arch blazing in dazzling white against the dark hills and the black rippled mirror of the sea. This picture was taken by the penultimate expedition led by the ill-fated Mr. H. G. Watkins, whose tragic death on a seal-hunting expedition was recorded a few weeks ago

MELTING: A picture from the first Watkins expedition of sledges on spring ice. It is confidently asserted that only by the study of weather conditions on the inhospitable shores of Greenland shall we ever achieve the ability accurately to prophesy meteorological changes

MOUNTAINS OF ICE: A giant sculptured berg encountered by the last H. G. Watkins expedition before his death. The stupendous bulk of these floating masses can only dimly be appreciated when it is realized not only that eight-ninths of them are submerged but that a heavy charge of high explosive has been fired to no purpose in holes drilled in their surface

The Polar Regions and British Weather

Arctic weather at a given time may have important effects on conditions over Western Europe for many months later.

While expeditions from thirteen countries are beginning the collection of a year's data from the Arctic, as part of the International Polo Year, the Air Ministry has published comparative records, which show that the amount of summer ice in the Davis Strait is

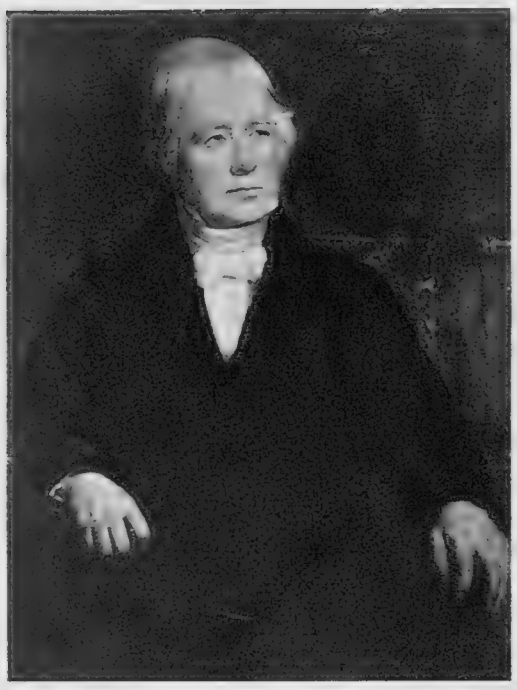
FROM THE PRESENT WATKINS EXPEDITION: Eskimos encountered *en route* to the base

connected with western European weather both in the autumn immediately following and during the summer of the next year.

"Polar records are certainly a very hopeful line of attack for long-range forecasting in Europe," Dr. C. E. P. Brooks stated in a recent interview in *The Morning Post*, "Indian meteorologists have already connected their weather with pressure conditions many months earlier in various parts of the world, including South America. At present, for example, the Davis Strait records are received only on the return of whalers after the summer season, and the most reliable of the correlations is that with the autumn immediately following.

"Severe ice conditions result on an average in the deepening of the Icelandic 'low' while producing high pressure over Central Europe. In the case of England this would produce an intensification of south-westerly winds."

SIR WALTER SCOTT



SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Graham Gilbert, in the National Portrait Gallery, Scotland

A hundred years ago, on September 21, Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford. To no other of her sons does Scotland owe so much. He created Scotland for the civilized world, so peopling it with the past, through the magic of his pen, that what before had been, to strangers, a poor and barren land, became a country rich and rare, renowned for the grandeur of its scenery and the romance of its history. Never again did a Dr. Johnson arise to sneer at Scotland and things Scottish!

THE BATH MINIATURE of Sir Walter Scott in childhood

In what did his power lie? Carlyle may tell us that he was unconscious of any aim in writing, that he was inspired by no purpose which can be called great—"His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth, earthy," and merely grants him as his highest quality, "a love of the picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things." But these very qualities were the inspiration of Scott's life. Long before ambition had seized hold of him, his natural inclinations were evident—his whole being, from earliest youth, was absorbed in the romance of his country, his fertile imagination was busy filling out legends, recreating the past from fragments of old ballads, and linking all with the beauty of the countryside which he knew and loved so well.

Bred to the law, by the wish of his father, every holiday saw him set off on what he called "raids"—journeys sometimes to the Highlands, but mostly among the Borders, and especially into Liddesdale, where on his stout pony he explored "every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement,"—putting up in shepherd's hut, or in the manse, there being no inns in many parts. Here he was gathering material for his life's work, though quite unaware that he was doing more than fulfilling his personal desires. But the immediate result of these "raids" was the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, collected from the ballads heard in the farmsteads, and which at once appealed to the public, refreshed by something stout and vigorous. The minstrelsy led the way to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," all bringing fame and fortune to the author. Perhaps to-day these poems are lightly regarded—mere rhyming guide-books they have been called—but they caught something no other guide-book has achieved, something which awoke a love and pride of country, and aroused in the Scottish people a fervent enthusiasm for the scenery of their own land. Scott was offered the Poet Laureateship, but apart from other reasons, he was never, as he said, a partisan of his own poetry, and he had the critical acumen to realize that Byron beat him "in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart."

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH! The bust of Scott by Chantrey in the National Portrait Gallery

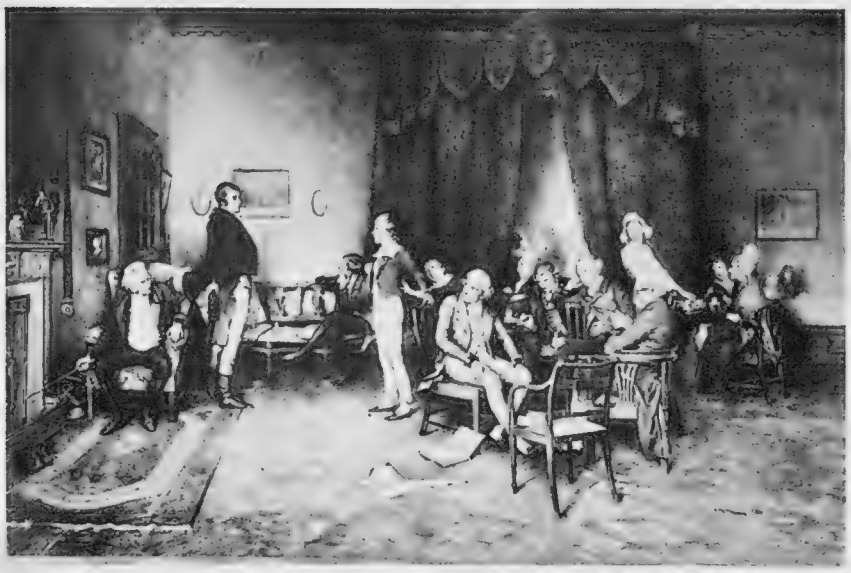
His greatest fame was to lie in a forgotten MS. which he had written and put aside, and only found, as he writes, "by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet." He insisted upon *Waverley* being anonymous. "I shall *not* own *Waverley*. My chief reason is that it would prevent me the pleasure of writing again. . . . In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels." Novel after novel came from the pen of the mysterious author of *Waverley*, and they "were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world," Carlyle tells us, with perhaps a little envy. It was not long before Scott was able to count upon £10,000 a year from his writing, though he was always asking for an advance on his royalties—at one time receiving as much as £19,000!

AFTER HIS BANKRUPTCY Scott lived in these lodgings at 6, North Street, David Street, Edinburgh

The money received from the novels was soaked up in Abbotsford, the dream of Scott's life. Originally a small farm which Scott meant to improve as a summer residence, it grew and grew, as the novels poured in more and more money. Further land was acquired and the modest cottage was added to till it became the baronial dwelling of his dreams. It was sheer joy to him to create a Gothic hall, suitable for the heroes of his brain, even if the plaster were painted to imitate oak; to have battlements from which soldiers never looked; and to fill it with every scrap of antiquarian interest he could collect, from the door of the old Edinburgh Tolbooth to the keys of Loch Leven Castle. It is easy to decry and call it the Strawberry Hill of Scotland, but one cannot be unmoved as one stands near the desk where he wrote so gallantly. When the financial crash came and the Laird of Abbotsford, rich in fame and honour, found himself a bankrupt, his partners having failed for £117,000, one is grateful that he was not bereft of Abbotsford, but was allowed, in return for devoting all the results of his literary work to his creditors, still to walk among the woods he had planted, and to hear the murmur of the Tweed.

Was Abbotsford worth all the struggle? Was it snobbery on Scott's part, or was it natural pride? Carlyle, a mason's son, with no pretension to rank, looked with pitying scorn upon the effort to create a life similar to that of the castles of old, with their emblazoned windows, and their overflowing hospitality. "It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Sir Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam engine, that he might make £15,000 a year, and buy upholstery with it.

EFFIE DEANS: The wayward sister and her lover, after Millais, in *The Heart of Midlothian*



THE PLOUGHMAN POET AND THE ROMANTIC NOVELIST: The young Scott's famous meeting with Robert Burns—a memorable incident in the boy's life recorded by C. Hardie

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Anne Scott, a conventional portrait by W. Nicholson, R.S.A.

"OLD MORTALITY": A statue represent famous novel. The original was a country tending

The Wizard of the North

The Centenary of His Death which Took Place on September 21, 1832, is to be Celebrated Next Week by all Scots whose Hearts "Ha'e wi' Wallace Bled"

LADY SCOTT, the wife of the great novelist, to whom he was devoted throughout her life

To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name. . . . Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds."

AT DRYBURGH: Sir Walter Scott's grave, surrounded by railings, seen through the archway

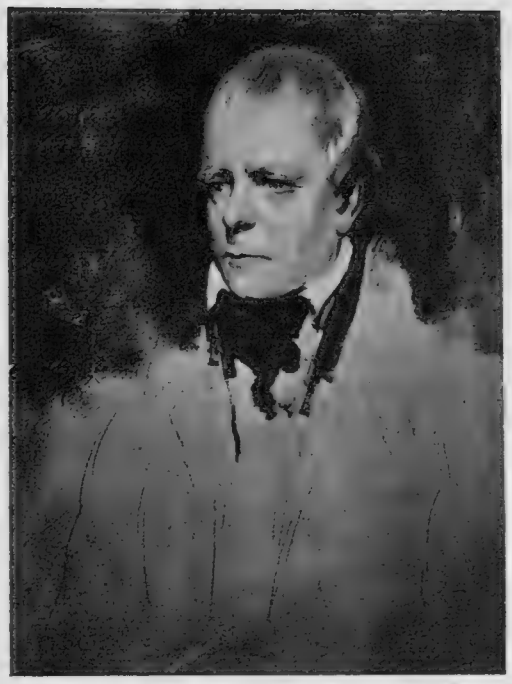
There is truth in this; even Lockhart has to explain Scott's prevailing ambition; yet it is simple if one grasps the essential quality of Scott's make up — he lived mentally in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and would willingly, one may imagine, have gone back in time when he could have carried a banner beside his chief, Scott of Buccleuch in battle, and enjoyed the open hospitality of the castle hall. As we think of him writing at his house in Castle Street in Edinburgh, his home for nearly thirty years, or at his desk at Abbotsford, turning out those novels so eagerly expected by the reading public of the world, we see a man, not faultless ("no man lives without jostling and being jostled") but, if we may believe the evidence of those who knew him, full of human kindness, benevolent, without envy, a generous, lovable man.

RAVENSWOOD: Sir Henry Irving in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, recorded by Sir Bernard Partridge

However the critics may carp and criticize there is no getting away from the fact that Scott revolutionized the writing of his day—his *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Heart of Midlothian*, were like springs of water in a parched desert of insipid, characterless novels. They came fire-hot from a brain steeped from childhood in the stories of the daring deeds of his countrymen, aflame with passionate joy in the scenery of his own land, till every burn and glen whispered to him their secrets, and the hills and lochs gave up their stories. Under his spell Scotland, his much-loved country, became Scott's land. People had seen very little before he laid his enchantment on the land, and now it is impossible to see the places he enriched without remembering him. As a recent writer, not a Scotsman, well says: "No man can hear the gurgling of a border burn or watch the river mist lift in the morning from Teviot or Tweed with no thought for the man who knew this country better than any before or after him."

What if he were ambitious—and the object of his toil seem small to some eyes?—at least the world has profited, gaining knowledge and pleasure, and Scotland, through the genius of her limping son, raised to a high place among the nations.

So it is with tender feelings that we recall that September day, one hundred years ago, when good Sir Walter passed away. "It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible.



INTERNATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Sir Walter Scott, by Sir J. Watson Gordon

He had been long a-dying—a strong man physically, in spite of the lameness, his gradual decline had been slow. For nearly a year the end had been apparent—a paralytic stroke and a slight disease of the brain, "the muddiness of mind" of which he complained. George IV, who had always shown him great favour and who indeed owed much to his fervent loyalty, was pleased to put a frigate at the sick man's disposal to convey him to Naples, where he was to spend the winter. But the brain malady increased, and though Scott at times seemed better and was interested in what he saw, he at last became impatient to get back to Abbotsford. He had for some time, under his failing powers, gathered the idea that he had become released from the burden of debt against which he had been struggling for the past six years (he had paid off £80,000), and he wrote asking people to a little party he hoped to give on his return to celebrate his release. But when he did return to Abbotsford in July it was as a dying man. He rallied a little at the sight of his own hills, but realizing after one painful effort to hold a pen that his task was over, the tears came to his eyes—"Get me to bed—that's the only place," he said.

He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey, to which he had had a claim, the land having belonged to his grandmother's people. The cortège was a mile long; sorrowing neighbours thronged hamlet and hillside, as the funeral procession made its way across the Tweed and slowly climbed Bemersyde hill. The dark, autumnal day mourned in unison, the wind moaned, and the clouds hung low. Just at the point where Scott was accustomed to stop to look over the district which he had endowed with a marvellous glamour, the horses paused, before dropping down to the ruined abbey below, lying buried in the woods.

A few days later the French critic, Sainte Beuve, wrote feelingly, "The long, hopeless agony which for several months beset one of the most glorious and brilliant lives of the age has at length ended; Walter Scott died last Friday at his estate of Abbotsford. It is not a grief for England only; it is a sorrow for France and the whole civilized world, for whom Walter Scott, more than any other writer of the time, was, as it were, a generous wizard and a kindly benefactor."

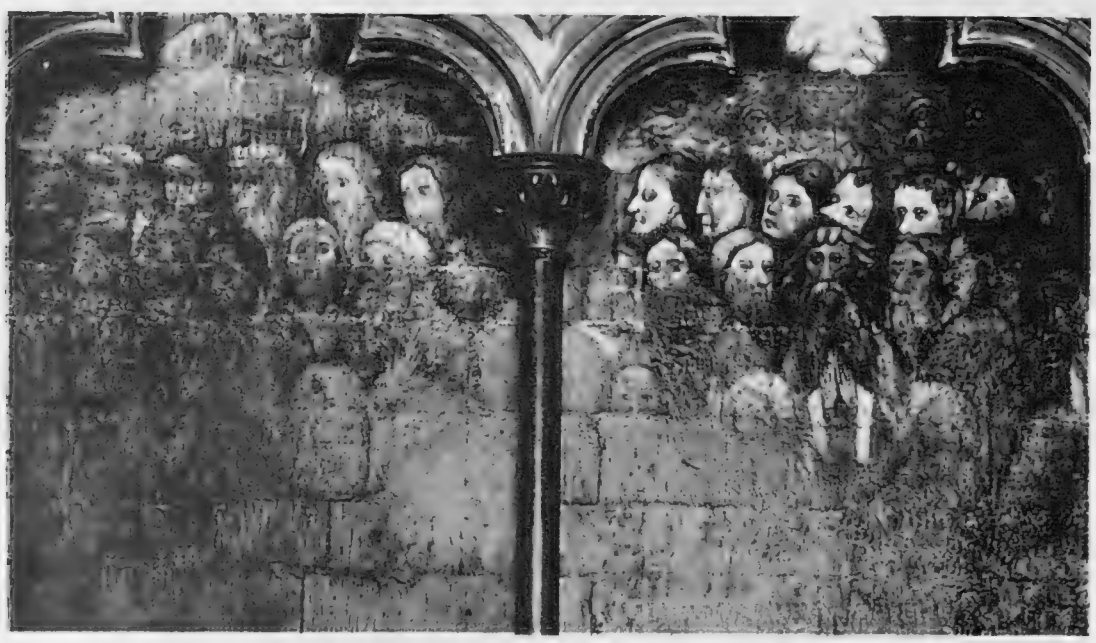
B. L. H.

ing the prototype of the title-rôle of the Robert Patterson, who rode round the Covenanters' graves

THE SECOND BARONET: Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Scott of the 15th Hussars, by Sir William Allan

THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD: Sir Walter Scott, beside whom crouches the Ettrick Shepherd. Among his close friends were Sir William Forbes, John Morritt of Rokeby, Henry Mackenzie, James Skene, and of course, William Clerk

THE FRESCOES OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE: A panoramic view of some of the newly-revealed XIV-century paintings that lend an additional delight both æsthetically and historically to the Abbey. For many years the cleaners have been working to bring these frescoes to light. The left-hand section shows incidents in the life of St. John, and the central panel shows the Seven Churches and the Angel telling St. John what to write. Interspersed are strips of manuscript; below runs the animal frieze



A 'CLOSE-UP OF THE DOOM PICTURE': This fresco has suffered more than the others and it is believed that the central figure held a balance wherein to weigh the souls of the righteous. The angels are dimly perceptible over the heads of those to be judged. In the head of each arch at one time shone the figure of an angel, each bearing a musical instrument. Only a few of these are now extant

CHAPTER HOUSE REVELATIONS

An Ancient Picture Gallery Comes to Light

It was discovered some years ago that certain portions of Westminster Abbey once glowed with medieval colour. It is, of course, well known that the great Norman builders delighted in colour, and at other later periods this tendency to spirited decoration burst out with particular vigour. The medieval tombs of Edmund Crouchback and others round the North and South Ambulary were treated by Mr. E. W. Tristram of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, with the result that they showed a most interesting amount of heraldic and other colouring. This work was continued on other portions of painted stonework and woodwork. Latterly the work has been concentrating on the Chapter House, the famous octagonal building redolent of political and religious history.

The work of cleaning the old painting is here being done by experts on the staff of the Office of Works, as this part of the Abbey is not under the same control as the more distinctly religious portions of the great mass of buildings which form "the Abbey." One of these experts is here seen at work, together with some of the intriguing medieval painting which he has been gradually revealing to the eye of anyone who cares to visit this fascinating building. A trefoiled arcading runs all round the building, separated by slender columns. It is in these compartments that the pictures of the Last Judgment and the Apocalypse appear.

THE APOCALYPSE TREATMENT comprises smaller pictures, several figuring in one compartment. This detail shows two studies of age and youth of conventional design but extreme delicacy

ONE OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN: A detail from the Apocalypse pictures. Other details in this fresco are the Woman on the Seven-Headed Beast and the four-and-twenty elders with crowns in their hands

THE DELICACY OF MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP REVEALS THE DELICACY OF ANCIENT ART: The figure painted some six centuries ago emerges under the hand of an expert applying the special process

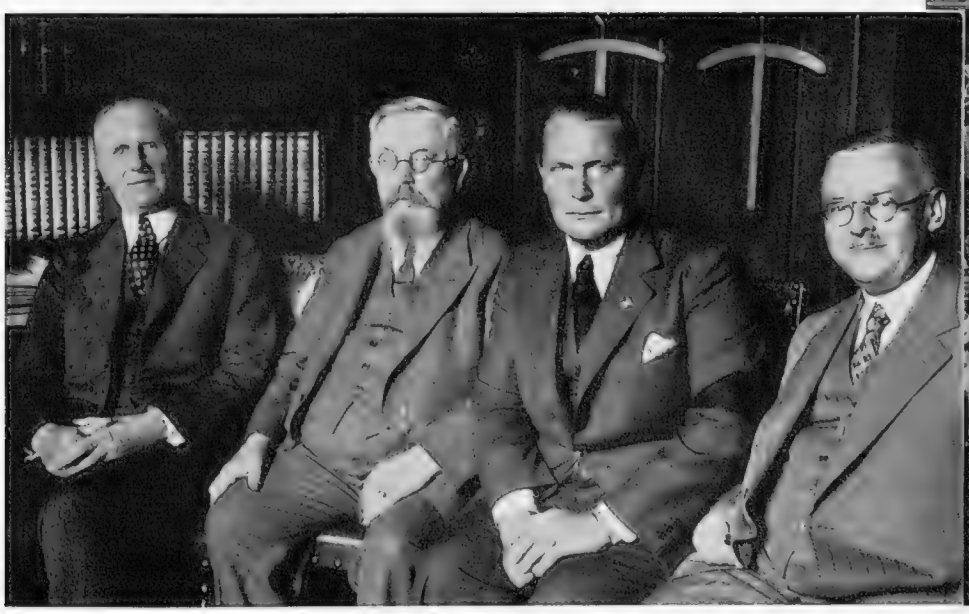
EUROPE'S NEWS

UNDER THE CROWNED BANNER OF ITALY: Signor Benito Mussolini, in the uniform of an admiral, on board his yacht *Aurora*, reviews the extensive manœuvres of the Italian Fleet. Naval parity between France and Italy is a burning question of the hour, and this lends an additional interest to the evolutions

HISTORY RE-CREATED: The coronation of Pope Celestine V re-enacted at Aquila. A Neapolitan, he resigned the Papacy after five months' rule in the year 1294—an act which, known as "the great refusal," caused Dante to put him in the Inferno at the entrance to hell. Imprisoned by his successor, he was canonized in 1313

"WOOLGATHERING": An old shepherd at the bi-annual Leipzig Fair demonstrates the art of handling wool, which requires both skill and concentration. The Leipzig Fair takes place every spring and every autumn, and exhibitors are drawn from far afield. It re-creates, in fact, much of the atmosphere of the ancient marts of mediæval days

THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG is invariably solemnized by a service held in the Protestant Cathedral—much of Germany is Romanist although officially Lutheran. *Above*—A section of the crowd is seen leaving the great building



LEADERS OF THE REICHSTAG: Vice-President Graef-Thuringen, Vice-President Esser, President Hermann Goehring and Vice-President Bauch. The office of President of the Reichstag corresponds rather to our Speaker than the Leader of the House of Commons. The Vice-Presidents have only a nominal power—even as their prototypes in commerce

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FOUR GREAT INTELLIGENCES AT YORK: Sir Alfred Ewing, in his presidential address to the British Association at York, made a dramatic speech stating that inventions were outstripping men's powers of social control. He dealt in one section of the address with the nature of the atom, and by his courtesy we quote this section below. The group shows (*left to right*) Professor J. Myres, Sir Alfred Ewing, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Professor Boswell chatting outside the British Association headquarters, the City Art Gallery, York

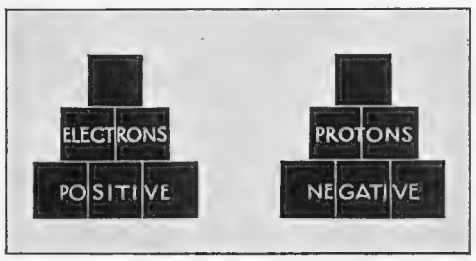
THE MIGHTY ATOM:

What We at Present Know of Its Stored-up Energy; and the Strange Behaviour of a Wandering Electron

By SIR ALFRED EWING

(Being extracts from his Fresidential Address at York during this year's meeting of the British Association)

If "the Mighty Atom" was an arresting phrase, it was also an apt one. For we now know the atom to be indeed mighty in senses that were little suspected by the begetters of atomic theory. It has been mighty in sweeping away ideas that were found inadequate, in demanding fresh concepts, in presenting a new world for conjecture and experiment and inference, in fusing chemistry and physics into a single science. It is found to be mighty in the complexity of its structure, and the variety of radiations it may give out when excited to activity. It has unravelled for us the bewildering tangle of spectroscopic lines.



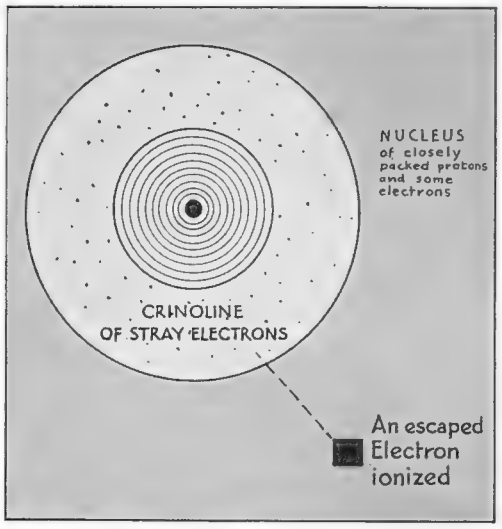
THE ELECTRONS AND PROTONS—indivisible units of electricity which build up the atom. The blocks are unbreakable

And, most surprising of all, the atom, however seemingly inert, is mighty in being a magazine of energy which, for the most part, it locks safely away. This is fortunate, for if the secret were discovered of letting loose the atomic store we should invite dissolution at the hands of any fool or knave.

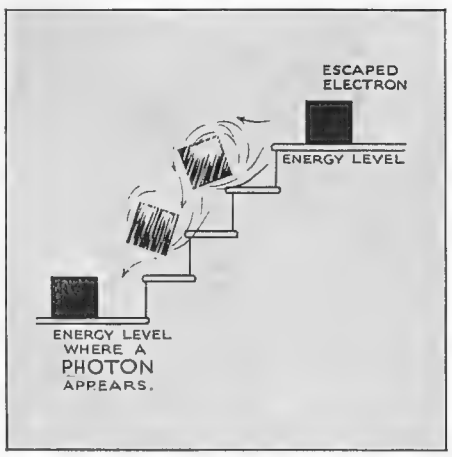
In the middle 'nineties there set in an astonishing renaissance of physical science which has centred in the study of the atom and extends by inevitable logic to the stars. In quick succession there came three great discoveries: the X-rays by Röntgen in 1895, radio activity by Becquerel in 1896, and the electron by J. J. Thomson in 1897. Sensational, puzzling, upsetting, these events inspired every physicist to new activities.

Thanks mainly to J. J. Thomson, Rutherford, and Bohr, we now recognize the atom of any substance to be a highly complex structure, built up, so to speak, of two sorts of blocks—the electrons, indivisible units of negative electricity, and the protons, indivisible units of positive electricity. The blocks are unbreakable: we cannot produce them or destroy them or change them. In respect of electrical quality the two kinds are equal and opposite, but they contribute very unequally to the atom's mass, each proton contributing about 1,840 times more than each electron. Every substance is made up of blocks of the same two sorts. If you compare different substances you find that the diversity of their chemical and other properties arises solely from differences in the number and arrangement of the blocks which compose their atoms. Any atom, in its normal or electrically neutral state, must contain an equal number of protons and electrons.

All the protons in any atom are gathered close together at the centre, along with some of the electrons, forming a compact, dense portion called the nucleus. Although the nucleus accounts for nearly the whole of the atom's mass, it occupies no more than a very minute fraction of the atom's volume. Those of the electrons which are within the nucleus doubtless serve to bind the protons together; the ether electrons constitute, as it were, a voluminous crinoline, or rather a series of crinolines, extending relatively far away from the centre and giving the whole atom an exceedingly open structure within which upheaval may be caused by outside agents.



THE PROTONS AND SOME ELECTRONS huddled together in the nucleus of the atom. A few electrons occupy the crinoline thrown out around itself by the atom. A stray electron may break away

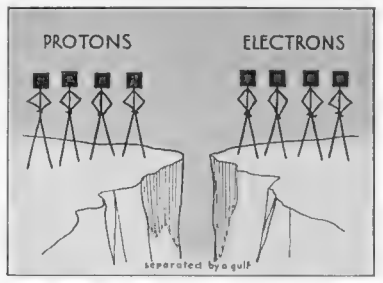


DOWN THE STAIRCASE, as it were, falls a stray electron—the exuded energy becomes a photon

One or more of the electrons in the crinoline may be temporarily removed (as, for instance, by the action of heat or by the incidence of energetic radiation), and the atom is then said to be ionized; for a time the balance between positive and negative is upset. But the missing electron returns to its place, or another comes instead, and when this happens a definite amount of radiation is given out, much as energy is given out when a weight falls from one to another landing of a staircase.

We may speak of the landing as energy levels. The radiation which issues when an electron falls from one energy level to another constitutes what is called a photon. It has two aspects, behaving in one like a particle and in the other like a group of waves, and at present we have to accept both though we cannot fully reconcile them. The photon carries a definite quantity of energy and is characterized by a definite frequency of vibration. Its energy depends on the two levels between which the electron falls, and this determines the frequency of the vibration which the photon conveys, for the frequency is equal to the energy divided by that mysterious constant of Nature, the Quantum of Action discovered by Planck. In any element all the atoms have the same set of energy levels; these contribute to the emission spectrum and account for its groups of special lines. In heavy atoms there are many energy levels, and consequently very many lines appear.

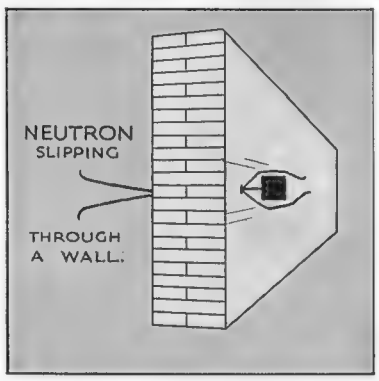
What we have to realize is that all matter consists of the two kinds of electricity, protons and electrons, held apart we do not know how. To the early experimentalists who electrified rods of resin or glass by rubbing them, electricity seemed no more than a curious attribute of matter; now we regard it as matter's very essence—the ultimate stuff out of which every atom is built. If you ask "What is electricity?" there is no answer, save that it is a thing which exists in units of two sorts, positive and negative, with a strong attraction for each other, and that in any atom you find them somehow held apart against that attraction, with a consequent storing of potential energy. They are prevented from coalescing, although the difference of potential between them is nearly a thousand million volts. Why they do not flash together is a mystery—one of the many mysteries which physicists have still to solve.



THE PROTONS AND ELECTRONS look at one another across an immense dielectric gulf which never is bridged

Engineers are accustomed to the idea of storing energy in a condenser by charging the opposed plates to a potential of a few scores or hundreds or thousands of volts. That is done by transferring some of the crinoline electrons from one to the other plate; it involves only a minute supplementary separation, which disappears when the condenser is discharged. In every atom we have a permanent separation of electricities; the protons and electrons look at one another, so to speak, across an immensely greater dielectric gulf which no laboratory operation ever causes them to bridge. That is why every atom is a magazine of energy, the quantity of which is proportional to the atom's mass.

A notable event of the year is the strong evidence which Dr. Chadwick, of the Cavendish Laboratory, has found for the existence of the neutron—a type of particle in which an electron and a proton are associated in particularly close juxtaposition. There is a like close association between electrons and protons in the nucleus of any heavy element, but it had not previously been discovered in a single isolated pair. Twelve years ago Lord Rutherford conjectured the existence of such a particle and described the properties it should possess. Its excessive smallness and density, together with its lack of an external electric field, give it a unique power of penetrating matter. It is too slim to be confined under pressure in any vessel; it will simply slip through the walls.



THE NEUTRON is of such excessive slimness that it simply slips through a wall "as easy as winking"

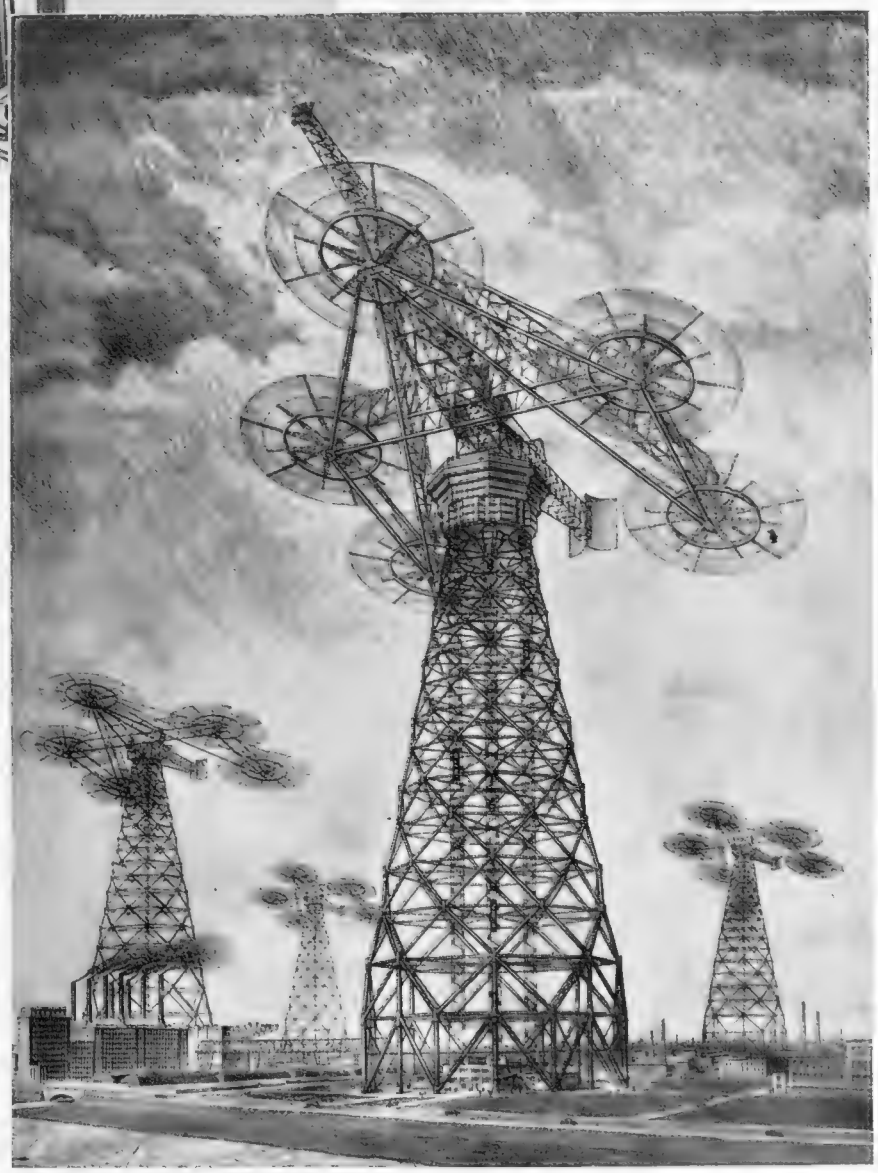
The neutron may be said to have taken the crinoline off, folded it up, and put it in its pocket. Not to be too fanciful, we may at least describe the partners as clasping one another so tightly that the electron has ceased to be a fender; none the less, as a unit of negative electricity it still serves to give electrical balance to the pair.

IN THE POWER WORLD

FORTY-TWO TONS OF CABLES made up by seven separate cables are to be slung across the Thames linking up Essex and Kent. They are suspended between two pylons 500 ft. high—a world record. That above rises on Dagenham Dock

784,000 GALLONS OF WATER is the capacity of Great Yarmouth's new water tower that rises 162 ft. into the air. It will supply the area between Caister and Gorleston. It is hoped to complete it shortly

LONDON'S NEW RAILWAY: The lay-out for the station at Enfield West on the new extension of the Piccadilly line that makes its extra-urban terminus at Cockfosters. The tube runs almost due north from Finsbury Park and will take in Harringay and Palmers Green *en route*



THE POWER OF THE PAST BIDS FAIR TO BE THE POWER OF THE FUTURE: The latest idea of the German engineer, Herr Hermann Honnef, is to erect wind towers all over Germany. These will rise to catch the currents at 1,300 ft. Each will be equipped with five wind-power wheels and will operate dynamos to transform the energy into electrical current

FOR THE HORSE LOV

A WINNER OF TWO FIRSTS: Lady Dumfries with Sunny Pat at Mullingar. *On left*—OUT WEST: A charming study of horse and mistress from the no longer wild and woolly West

THE BEST HUNTER IN THE SHOW: "Hasta Vista" with Lady Moira Forbes who showed it at the North West Meath Agricultural Society Show at Castle Pollard. Lady Moira is the daughter of the Earl of Granard, the Master of the Horse. She is to marry the son of the Marquis of Bassic shortly in Ireland

THE WINNER: Mr. F. Surridge's agricultural gelding Orsett and District Annual Horse and Cattle S Grays, Essex

VER

KISS OUT OF THE RING!

Miss Heather Kelly encourages her entry in the children's pony class at the Gillingham Agricultural Show

lding which won its event at the tle Show, held at Orsett Hale, near x

AN ENGLISH RODEO: The rounding up of ponies at the famous Barnet Fair

PLAYS

By

PHILIP PAGE

OXFORD BLAZERS, a revue written, produced, and acted by undergraduates of the elder University, has opened at the Little Theatre. The company, led by Mr. Giles Playfair, the son of Sir Nigel, numbers seven undergraduates and five professional actresses, who have joined the venture on a commonwealth basis. Above are Miss Diana Lincoln, Mr. Desmond Davis, Mr. John Glyn-Jones, and Miss Audrey Cameron

Farce should make up its mind to be farce. Comedy must be comedy, and never cease to be comedy; if it does, it will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, find itself a nondescript, mulish business, without hope of posterity in the form of a long run. I am aware that scores of plays have borne the label "farcical comedy," but I have not seen one of them that was not farce, impure and unsimple.

The trouble with *Fifty-Fifty*, the new entertainment at the Aldwych, is that it is fifty-fifty. It is neither one thing nor the other. Mr. H. F. Maltby, who, I repeat for about the thirtieth time, wrote the best farce I have ever seen (a failure entitled *Three Birds*), has done all, or nearly all, that is humanly possible with this adaptation of Louis Verneuil's *Azais*.

He has popped in plenty of witty and Maltbyish lines, and when opportunities for farce occur he has made the most of them. But he has not been able to get over the occasional moments of pathos in the chief character, and the too frequent instances of the wrong sort of improbability.

The central theme is essentially French and, as such, quite foreign to the Aldwych Theatre tradition for so many years past. And it is, too, essentially a theme for comedy of a whimsical type, difficult to convey to an audience—particularly to an audience expecting domestic complications of the homely sort, with Miss Mary Brough as an explosive landlady, Mr. Tom Walls as a bibulous amorist, and Mr. J. Robertson Hare as a mild person made ludicrous.

The theory of a deceased philosopher that at thirty-five an unlucky man will become lucky and a lucky one unlucky is not a side-splitting business, and no amount of ingenuity can make it one. It did, however, enable us to see Mr. Ralph Lynn change from an impecunious love-lorn piano-teacher to a prosperous manager of a Casino, bluffing his way through every imaginable difficulty.

Mr. Lynn's art is quite sufficient for any amount of subtlety; he is far from being a mere buffoon. His converse, Mr. Frederick Burtwell, with far less opportunity, did remarkably well as the man of Big Business who ends up as a porter at a block of flats. How he came to occupy such a post when married to a beauteous and gorgeous lady who had attracted the attention of a still bigger man of Big Business in the person of Mr. Morris Harvey, I could not fathom. Perhaps she had left him.

By the way, we are not allowed to see this important character at all. I would venture to suggest that she should be introduced in Act II instead of a nondescript Countess Somebody-or-other, who had an unnecessary scene with Mr. Lynn, and played it with all the more dreadful faults of the amateur.

Mr. Robertson Hare, with his moustache and spectacles, blinked and blushed and protested as a pattern of outraged respectability. But nothing amusing happened to him—and Mr. Hare is an actor to whom things must *happen*.

The play owes much to Mr. Morris Harvey—bland, unctuously funny, and always reliable. Miss Maidie Hope made the most of the conventional part of a middle-aged woman determined to be unfaithful to an unfaithful husband. Miss Winifred Shotter was a prettily sincere *ingénue*.

Azais (or *Fifty-Fifty*) has, like the more delicate of the wines of Anjou, travelled badly. It makes quite an agreeable entertainment on the whole, but the Aldwych public prefer their entertainments to be riotously funny—British beer rather than unfamiliar foreign vintages.

PATIENT AND MONSTER: Miss Leonora Corbett and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who expresses the Shavian heresy that bacilli are infected by humanity and not *vice versa*. Mr. Thesiger has to speak to players who must pretend that he is invisible

PROOF OF A THAUMATURGIC CURE: Miss Leonora Corbett lays out, despite the hypochondria foisted on her by her mother, both the clergyman crook (Mr. Cedric Hardwicke) and his confederate (Miss Ellen Pollock), who have come to rob her

Charles Dickens describes in *Pickwick* the case of a young man who imagined he was seeing life, but who, poor devil, had merely glanced at it through the dingy window of a bar-parlour.

Mr. Phillip Leaver has, apparently, seen life only from the prompt corner of a theatre. For a dramatist this is a position to be occupied with advantage for a while; it teaches him the tricks of his trade. But he must not give the impression of having a camp-bedstead, year in, year out, somewhere behind the proscenium.

Mr. Leaver now has two plays running in London. They are by no means negligible plays, nor is he a negligible writer, though an exasperating one. In both he has been guilty of the same serious faults, so if he has not by this time realized what they are and determined to eradicate them, there is no hope for him.

The first thing he must do is to flee from stage "cleverness" as from the plague. If he sets out in his next attempt to check himself the moment he is giving any character an epigram, a smart allusion, a well-turned parodox, or some devastating piece of perfectly-phrased subtlety, he will probably find that he has written a dull play. But, dull or not, it will do him a power of good, and will prepare the way for something that will matter.

And if he will also ponder on what human beings say in certain circumstances when they are not conscious that rows of spectators are ready to titter at it, so much the better.

MR. PHILLIP LEAVER, who has the rare distinction of seeing two plays running at once in London. As yet a dramatist of promise rather than fulfilment, his greatest vice is a taste for facetiousness in the wrong place

The Way to the Stars, Mr. Leaver's play at Wyndham's, is better than his *To-morrow Will Be Friday* at the Haymarket. Yet it is more irritating.

I do not suggest that in the exchange of polished small-talk that formed Act I some bright things were not said. If anyone who is not a fool churns out half an hour or more of non-stop epigram, some of the remarks are bound to hit the bull's-eye. This story of a bad-tempered pianist, however, who starts off the play by losing both his braces and his wife on

SUBORDINATE COLONEL AND COMMANDING PRIVATE: A Shavian revelation of Army procedure, based on Lawrence of Arabia, is displayed by Mr. Scott Sunderland and Mr. Walter Hudd. The latter runs an entire campaign on bluff, while the former only dimly appreciates his ability. *On left*—FREEDOM: Miss Corbett, now emancipated, but posing as a native servant, tells Mr. Hardwicke and Miss Pollock what she thinks of the world and them—an outburst which for eloquence can be compared only to the great speech in *The Apple Cart*

"TOO TRUE TO
By BERN
NOW PRESENTED AT

INTERROGATION: Colonel Tallboys (Mr. Scott Sunderland) suspects the native servant (Miss Corbett) of being a spy and does not realize that it is to rescue her the expedition he commands has been sent out. Mr. Hudd disillusions him

REVELATION: Miss Corbett, who has joined forces with the clergyman and the nurse, now posing as a man of leisure and pleasure, and a French Countess, finds her disguise pierced and reveals herself to the astonished Colonel

BUNYAN AND THE BIBLE form the favourite reading matter of the Sergeant (Mr. Ralph Richardson), who attracts the self-styled Countess (Miss Ellen Pollock), who endeavours to turn his mind to a more earthly Heaven. *On right*—CLIMAX: Colonel Tallboys smites the hypochondriacal mother (Miss Margaret Halstan) with her own umbrella, to the dismay of the clergyman, his father, the atheist (Mr. H. K. Ayliff, who produced the play), the nurse, the sergeant, and the daughter (Miss Corbett)

A Play Between Two Stools: The Leaver of the Drama: "Oxford Blazers": and the Latest Garbo

the evening of an important concert, was never allowed to come to life at all until it was nearly over. It was being slowly strangled by facetiousness.

Towards the close of Act II Mr. Leslie Banks, "in fine frenzy rolling," told his wife and her lover what he thought of them, sobbed in agonizing grief, and sought comfort from an epigrammatic mother-in-law. This episode showed that Mr. Banks is a very fine actor (which most of us knew already), and that Mr. Leaver can write excellent drama when he lets himself go.

Unfortunately, even here the effect was partly spoiled by a side issue—at that moment of no importance whatever. What did it matter that the pianist and serious composer wrote jazz pot-boilers on the sly under the name of Bud Texas? Does a man reveal that secret, discuss it solemnly, and make much of it at the very moment when the woman he adores goes out into the night with another man? No. Mr. Leaver does not know much of life or, if he does, he lets the grease-paint get into his eyes and obscure his vision.

There is a reconciliation between husband and wife after ten months. For the lover had left her after visits to Biarritz and San Sebastian, and she returned to her epigrammatic mother, a Spanish marchioness with a nice house in Madrid.

It was difficult to believe in the husband's long speech of banter or in the fact that the wife believed that there was any hope of future happiness for either of them. But the conventional ending had to come, and it came rather suddenly. Perhaps the author could think of no more epigrams.

Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies lent dignity to the Spanish lady, and, fortunately, attempted no broken English. When she was allowed to be sincere she was delightful. Miss Joyce Kennedy did her best with the wayward wife, but the woman was a shadow. Miss Casson was bright and amusing as a pert modern child who swished round and cried priggishly over the sins of her mother—spanking is the only treatment for this type.

Mr. Banks was, as I have said, first-rate, and Mr. Francis Lister was well-mannered, and well-equipped with epigram, as the breaker-up of that talkative home.

Casual perusal of current Oxford journalism, of Union debates and so forth, had led me to suppose that when certain junior members of the University decided to use a Long Vacation to show the great world what they could do on the stage in material of their own devising, it would be something rich and strange and modern. *Oxford Blazers*, an undergraduate pierrot troupe with professional pierrettes, might have been expected to blaze a trail.

They have not done that by a long chalk. They have instead given us a Co-optimistic sort of entertainment, in which they obviously enjoy themselves immensely, happiness thus being assured, at any rate, on one side of the footlights of the Little Theatre. These lads have, I notice, been blamed for admitting they are doing it "for the fun of the thing." There is not so much fun in the world that anyone should be censured for getting as much of it as possible. And the economic side of the question is in this case negligible.

Only about half a dozen undergraduates (they really must not allude to themselves as "undergrads") appear, and they employ a similar number of actresses who are not on the stage merely for the fun of the thing, in addition to programme girls, stage-hands, commissionaires, and sundry other professional folk the running of even the smallest theatre entails.

I do not like stage amateurs overmuch in any circumstances; but to belabour Mr. Giles Playfair and his pals for "keeping professionals out of work at a time of serious unemployment in the theatrical world" is rather silly. I see nothing to prevent a like number of unemployed professionals putting on an *Oxford Blazers* type of show and calling it *The Green Room Club Jerseys*. It could be done for a very few pounds, and there is not much to beat.

The sketches at the Little Theatre are on the weak side, though there is a hard and amusing smack at Dora in one of them. Fun is again made out of the Victorian "masher" (who had a much better time than we are allowed to have to-day).

Mr. Christopher Hassall shows much promise both as a singer and an actor. Miss Margery Binner has a neat style and one can hear what she says, which is not the case with Miss Florence McHugh, who sang many songs—goodness knows what about. There seemed little reason for Mr. Michael Sayer's piano solos, but a great deal for Miss Diana Lincoln's dancing.

Mr. Giles Playfair cleverly kept going the suggestion of M. Nikita Balieff and the Chauve-Souris; he has a personality and a vast, booming voice. A forceful and intentionally melancholy *compère*.

But he would, I think, have been wiser had he launched a style of his own; this would have been preferable to that of, *lingua Americana*, a bum Balieff.

Neither Greta Garbo nor Pirandello is quite the figure of mysterious genius fanatical admirers claim. But a combination of the two at the Empire Theatre in the film, *As You Desire Me*, has its points.

The story is unsatisfactory in its indecision, as all plays involving loss of memory are apt to be. Was Greta, who came to the young Italian cavalry officer after ten years, really his long-lost wife? We are led to believe at the close that she was not but that his love for her and for the other woman had fused into one.

The production is pleasantly free from absurd overloading and from vulgarity of any kind.

THE WAY TO THE STARS: Mr. Francis Lister, as Peter Destinn the philanderer, and Miss Joyce Kennedy as Veronica, who cleverly enacts the not-too-faithful wife in the new play at Wyndham's Theatre, in which Mr. Leslie Banks makes a great personal success. This is the second play Mr. Leaver has on the London stage at the moment, the other being *To-morrow will be Friday*. Miss Kennedy is wearing a beautiful Victor Stiebel gown

Dorothy Wilding

THE TWO HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE of *Casanova* takes place to-night (Saturday). This picture shows Mr. Charles Mayhew in the title-rôle with Miss Dorothy Dickson, who plays one of his many loves

BE GOOD"
ARD SHAW
THE NEW THEATRE

BOOKS: A Note on the German Invasion: Two Outstanding French Novels: A *Tour de Force*: The Victorians Reviewed: More Grope

By CECIL ROBERTS

A reader of this page who lives in Western Australia has written to ask me why current literature in England has turned pro-German. He complains that many new novels and a large number of plays have as their theme the delightful characteristics of the Germans or the Austrians. He cites four plays which have had a long run in London, all of them presenting aspects of German or Austrian life, and seven novels, beginning with *The Constant Nymph* and ending with one of my own.

"As one who spent two years in a German prison camp, with that unforgettable nightmare still in my mind, I find it difficult to take my heroines and heroes from a race it was once our sacred duty to obliterate. It is right that war hatred should die out, but the pendulum has swung too far the other way. The moment the German sees he has become the hero of English literature you will have him asking for the return of his colonies, a big navy, an arrogant army, and the Hohenzollerns back on the throne. What about a little tariff reform among the novelists, and a lowering in foreign imports?"

My correspondent is quite right. There has been a stampede of German plays and German novels, some home-grown, some imported. I agree that it has been overdone, but authors are human after all. For nearly ten years they had to leave the German field untilled. There was a rich crop there. Meanwhile, following the enthusiasms of the hour, England had been drenched by a downpour of Russian and French literature. At the beginning of the war the fourth-rate novelists of Russia were presented to us as geniuses. Notable critics rushed to introduce them to us, we were Tchekoved to death, and the samovar almost ousted the teapot in the English literary home.

M. JEAN DAMASE, the translation of whose novel in a Syriac setting—its natives and its colonists—*Pilate's Wife* (Duckworth) is reviewed on this page

Then the Russians fell out of the War, and we neglected their literature as we neglected their unfortunate prisoners. I still remember seeing a hospital full of these wretched soldiers without a country to watch their interests. They were dying in the dark in an Aix-la-Chapelle hospital, sans food, sanitation, surgical dressings, letters from home, or any organization to transport them home while alive, or bury them when dead. The saddest thing I have ever heard was a Russian hymn being intoned through the streets of Namur as a few released Russian prisoners followed in the December snow a soldier who had died in a kind of diplomatic "no-man's land," for the Germans had washed their hands of these prisoners, and the Allies did not want them.

After our Russian enthusiasm we turned to French authors. Duhamel and Maurois, among others, burst upon us. The enthusiasm did not last long, and the disillusionment over the Peace Treaty brought a sudden cooling. Then, suddenly, the German invasion began. It was as thorough as the one in 1914. It swept England and America. There was Remarque with *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Feuchtwanger with *Jew Süss*, and Emil Ludwig with his iconoclastic biographies. After that, German literature came back with the Bechstein piano, German *lieder* at the Albert Hall, German films and German plays in the West-end. English authors were quick to copy. Margaret Kennedy staked out a claim in the Austrian Tyrol, in company with some very inconstant nymphs; the theatre world cultivated the *Autumn Crocus*, and the old Emperor Franz Josef became a musical comedy star in *The White Horse Inn*.

I think we have come to an end. By the time German songs get down to the gramophone records it is time for British authors to sing *Auf Wiedersehen* to German themes.

This month has provided us with two excellent translations from the French. *The Night's Candles*, by René Roy (Gollancz. 6s.) is the work of a young Frenchman blinded in the War. It tells the story of his fight to sustain faith and hope in a world where all values have vanished. From the deepest despair he reacts to courage, continues his studies, demands equality only in the pride of his new spirit, and, becoming a State engineer, builds for himself a successful and independent career. This is the exterior story—the inner story of spiritual growth, of the expansion of the æsthetic sense, the revelation of beauty not visible to human eyes, are what give the book a radiance that sets it apart. How rich are the poorest of us, and how poor is the courage of the richest of us when contrasted with a spirit such as the author evokes in his book. It is a distinguished volume even in Mr. Gollancz's distinguished autumn list.

From Duckworth's comes another translation from the French. *Pilate's Wife*, by Jean Damase (7s. 6d.), belongs a little to the Pierre Benoit school, with a touch of Loti. It is all the better for that, but I am sorry so excellent a story should have challenged comparison in its theme with the synoptic Gospels. M. Damase has reversed the story of Potiphar's Wife, and added to it the New Testament story of Pilate called upon to administer justice among religious fanatics who finally succeed in burning their prophet. The whole scene is set in Syria, and here M. Damase can write with personal knowledge of his setting, for as a young cavalry officer his duties have led him into this land.

Young Captain Godillard is a typical French officer when he goes out to be chief secretary to the Governor of the Province. He has the young Frenchman's obsession with sex. Syria means exile from women. Thus it is that the advent of the Governor's wife fills him with excitement. He sets out deliberately to seduce her. The young wife of an elderly Governor, she suffers from the propinquity of this attractive young man, and from her own imagination. How nearly Godillard succeeds, how by the merest trifle his purpose is deflected, are most skilfully told.

But side by side with this theme runs the story of the prophet who rises to power in a land of religious fanaticism. He arouses the antagonism of the priests, and comes into conflict with them. When the Governor intervenes in the cause of peace they demand to try the heretic in the ecclesiastical courts. They succeed, and the poor wretch is burned to death by the mob.

It is all narrated with a detached cynicism that spares us nothing. The book suffers from the inevitable comparison it provokes, and loses thereby the great quality of suspense, for we know from the beginning what is to be the fate of the prophet. And Godillard talks too much and too long, he makes set speeches at the Governor's wife, and there are false touches in the characterization, "feeling quite upset, he wound up his gramophone and spent the next hour dancing all alone, holding out his arms as if they clasped a shadowy partner." Do amorous young men, even young French cavalry officers, express their frustration in this fashion? It is palpably false. Even so, this book has considerable beauty and power. The scene is unforgettably evoked. Captain Godillard, Madame Benoist, and the prophet, are vivid creations. There is a French frankness and artistry about details that no English author dare to narrate, and rather an obsession with smells—but the French often lead us by the nose in literature as well as in diplomacy.

Dorothy Wilding

MISS MARCH COST, who in private life is Miss Peggy Morrison, daughter of Mr. Arthur Morrison, C.B.E. Her novel, *A Man Named Luke*, is a *tour de force* reviewed above

I have to confess I am completely bewildered by Miss March Cost's novel, *A Man Named Luke* (Collins. 7s. 6d.). It is something of a *tour de force*, but my judgment is prejudiced in the first place by a hotch-potch of eulogiums plastered over the wrapper, and secondly by the general disorder of the story. It is a brave and gigantic adventure which Miss Cost has made. We see Mr. Vincent, the celebrated surgeon, sitting in a chair in his house in Cavendish Square. It is a November evening. He falls into a reverie, and begins to review the events of his life. In a dream he steps out into the Past, and at the moment of waking, when he is about to transmute his revelation into reality, he is dead in his chair.

Miss Cost spreads an immense canvas; she walks through all the dimensions, ignoring time and place. I could not follow many of her excursions. Some of her characters, like the pseudo-American, Phoebe-Ann, and her Pop, are too crude. But in conception and execution this is a brave work, and owes nothing to any other writer in its extreme originality.

The Great Victorians (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.) is an omnibus volume in which some forty distinguished Georgians have expressed their opinions about some forty Victorians. Thus we have Chesterton on Dickens, Walpole on Trollope, Rebecca West on Charlotte Brontë, St. John Ervine on General Booth, etc. The exact value of a book of this nature is difficult to determine. Every one of these subjects is more adequately dealt with in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The method of treatment varies; some writers give biographical details, some merely give their opinions. There are over 500 pages of excellent writing, and the Victorians are well selected in their representative fields. Mr. St. John Ervine presents a vivid study of General Booth. He explodes the myth about his birth, he gives us the true love story of the old warrior and his heroic wife, but he shatters his portrait by occasional violence, such as in the objectionable term, "God-infested." On the whole it is a brilliant thumb-nail portrait.

Did Mr. Ervine ever meet the old general? I remember seeing him on that memorable day when, famous, blind, he stood up in his carriage bowing to the cheering of the crowd as he rode to the town hall to receive the Freedom of his native city. It will come as a shock to many to be told that one early member of the Salvation Army was Alfred Harmsworth—"he lapsed from grace and became a journalist and founded *The Daily Mail*."

All my life I have been saying that George Eliot's *Romola* was pretentious nonsense. Now I find Miss Sackville West is of the same opinion. The scorn and derision I have suffered in that belief; Miss West calls it "cuckoo in the nest of George Eliot's novels."

Mr. Middleton Murry in the course of defending Morris trounces the public schools. "What Morris escaped has been the destiny of Englishmen now for nearly a century; the destiny which sends men out to be rulers of Empire and sends them home again with nothing to do but chunter on the 19th green of golf clubs, which are Arnold's specific contribution to the moral architecture of the country." It will be seen this book is rich in individuality, vigorous in its opinions, and a brave guide to truth in the gallery of Victorian worthies.

Alfred Grope won immediate popularity upon its appearance. Now Mr. Mann gives us a sequel—*Grope Carries On* (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.). I fear he is becoming a garrulous Grope. We are given a picture of suburban happiness, with Mr. Grope wandering from his French wife and toying with the typist in the Government Ministry in which he takes refuge during the War. This book has a Joseph Andrews quality in the naïve confessions of its hero, who is constantly giving himself away. In the end I fear he is quite contemptible and not even a death-bed repentance (his wife's death-bed albeit) redeems him in my eyes. Smug little Mr. Grope, I really wish he had not "carried on" and produced a War baby. And it was much too obliging of Laurette to die and thus straighten out the wretched tangle into which he had got himself.

The Hair Shirt, by Doris Westwood (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), is a long, sympathetic study of a somewhat neurotic youth who writes poetry and forms passionate friendships. I feel Miss Westwood does not understand the psychological significance of the story she tells with such detail and at such length. But she is so much in love with her character, who is quite without blemish in her eyes, that her earnestness is transferred to the reader, and Stephen Courtney overcomes one's first distaste for a young prig who writes poetry and holds the hands of his friends through sentimental twilights. If this novel were half the length, and we were spared half the details, it would gain immensely, for Miss Westwood has great sympathy and a gift for natural dialogue. The conversation on page 307, with no indication of who is speaking, reveals the weakness of Miss Westwood's style. It may be that most people in real life talk like this, but what people say in real life is generally not worth writing down. Miss Westwood has yet to discover that life is not necessarily art.

BOOKS TO READ

SURVIVORS' TALES OF FAMOUS SHIPWRECKS, by Walter Wood (Bles. 8s. 6d.).

THROUGH THE UARA SEA, by Leonard Matters (Skeffington. 18s.).

THE CECIL ALDIN BOOK—one hundred illustrations (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.).

READING, WRITING, AND REMEMBERING, by E. V. Lucas (Methuen. 18s.).

SOUTH AMERICA, by Kasimir Edschmid (Butterworth. 21s.).

CALL HOME THE HEART, by Fielding Burke (Longmans. 7s. 6d.).

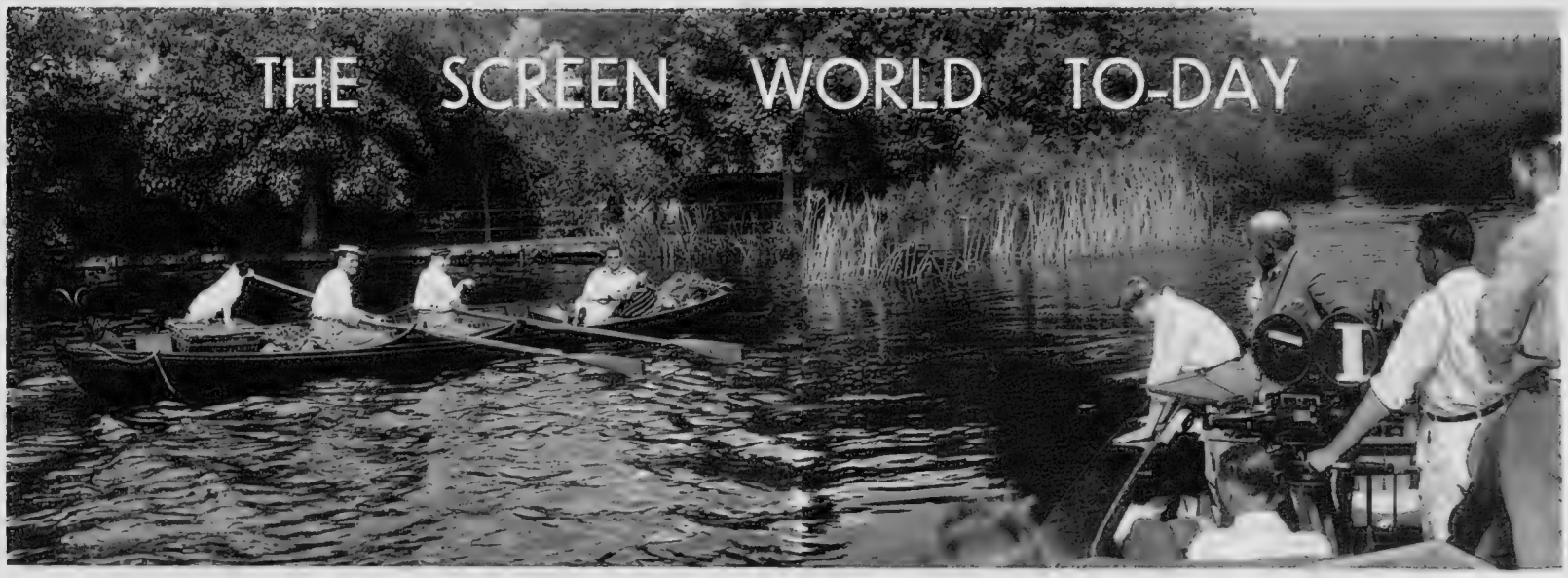
HELL'S ANGELS OF THE DEEP, by William Guy Carr (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.).

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO-DAY: A Symposium (Constable. 10s. 6d.).

NOSTROMO, by Conrad, TRAVELLER IN LITTLE THINGS, by Hudson, EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN, by Mackenzie (3s. 6d. Reprint. Secker-Dent).

PRIORSFORD, by O. Douglas (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

THE SCREEN WORLD TO-DAY



THREE MEN IN A BOAT—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DOG: The Jerome K. Jerome masterpiece is now being filmed amid the leafy beauty of the upper reaches of the Thames. Above are Montmorency, Billy, George, and Harris

THE MOUTHPIECE: Mr. Warren William in the Warren Brothers' Vitaphone production exposing a typical crooked lawyer in the U.S.A., which had a star run at the Regal, Marble Arch. The director did not hesitate to accord the picture the unhappy ending for which it called

THE GRAND SLAM bid and made by Miss Adrienne Ames, playing contract and in a talkie with the apt title *Guilty as Hell*, with Messrs. V. McLaglen, Eade Kenton, and Edmund Lowe

GUILTY AS CHARGED: Mr. Victor McLaglen, Miss Adrienne Ames, and Mr. Henry Stephenson as, respectively, the police chief, the heroine, and the villain in a Paramount crime film. The murderer escapes the gallows by chewing poisoned gum

DIVINE LOVE: A scene from the Columbia picture with a theme that perfect love effects a physical cure, showing Master Dickie Moore with Mr. Tom McGuire

THE MUD NOT OF FLANDERS BUT OF TANNENBERG: A scene from the new German film dealing with the battle that made Hindenburg the idol of the nation. Although the battle took place in August, the rain was pitiless, causing the ground to rival that of Ypres in winter. The picture is directed by Herr Heinz Paul, a distinguished German film producer

PHOTOGRAPHIC CRESCENDO: The use of distortion utilized to achieve an arresting impression of clarity of reception by comparison. The companion pictures embody, as it were, a play on the word "distortion." Together, they form an advertisement (by Logan, London) for the Philco Radio Corporation

Conrad Leigh

A MECHANICAL AID TO ART: Probably the first adventitious aid to the portraitist was the use of a shadow thrown on a flat surface. A Greek youth is seen tracing the silhouetted profile of his model cast by the sun on a wall

ART, INDUSTRY, and the CAMERA

September is the month in which the art of the camera draws thousands of its devotees to Princes Gallery in Piccadilly and the Royal Photographic Society's house in Russell Square. You do not see at either of these galleries the black sombrero and the corduroys of Chelsea, but in their place are keen-eyed photographic types which are almost equally characteristic of their craft. This year the industrial side of Princes Gallery snatches the laurel wreath for originality and progressive effort. Sir William Crawford, K.B.E., in an interesting foreword, points out that photography is the language of a new age, a truly international language which everybody can understand—"the universal speech of our time. For yourselves personally and for industry and our civilization you can make of it what you will."

Another item of the artistic news of the week links the camera with the traditional art of oil portrait painting, for only a few days ago it was announced that a distinguished artist had just finished a portrait of a well-known actress made wholly from a photograph and his recollection of her face, an open and somewhat unusual acknowledgment of the use of photography.

Langfier

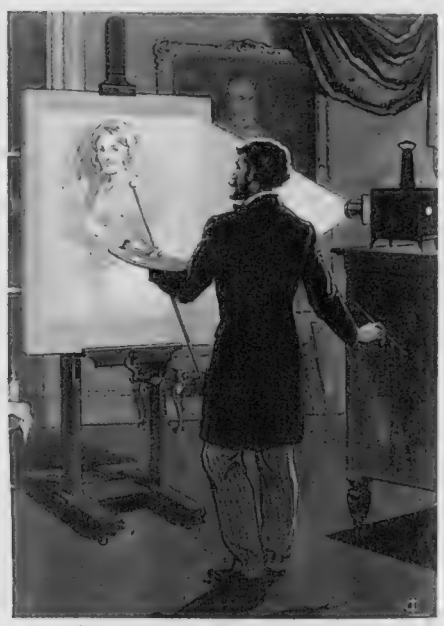
AN ACTION PORTRAIT, a vehicle which has largely replaced the photographic *carte de visite* of earlier days. It shows Mr. A. A. Wolmark at work

W. Foster Brigham

DECORATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY: A study entitled "Tin Hat, Early Model," with a feather to show which way the wind blew—an artistic triumph

Howard and Joan Coster

"GOLDEN GLORY"—a composition of angel heads by these two distinguished photographic collaborators designed to achieve *réclame* for Messrs. Lever Brothers. It embodies an extraordinarily clever treatment of the *chevelure*



ANOTHER MECHANICAL AID TO ART: For a considerable period from time to time use has been made by portrait painters of mechanical aids to their art. One of these is the employment of a photographic positive enlarged up and projected on to the canvas by a magic lantern

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE NOSE-VEIL is here seen worn by Mrs. Lance Sieveking with a smart toque—a picture by Studio Sun, Ltd., in the Exhibition at Princes

MODE À LA RUSSE: Miss Jane Austel in a tiara-like head-dress—a picture by Basil on view at Princes

HATS AND HEAD-DRESSES

Recorded by Clever Camera Artists

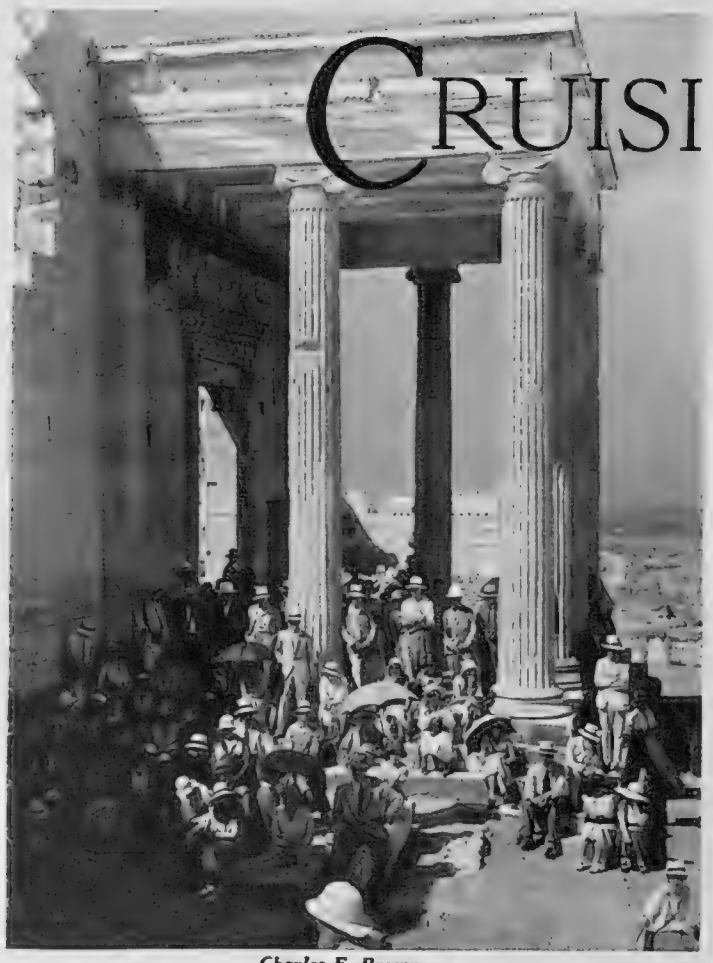
AN AERATED MODE: Mlle Andrée Guise, the Parisian star, in a *chic* new hat by M. Le Monnier which created a sensation

MISS CAROL COOMBE who is now rehearsing for *Mädchen in Uniform* in a charming fawn coat and skirt—a picture by Alexander Corbett exhibited at Princes

CRUISING TO ATHENS

with CHARLES

("The Sphere's" Special



Charles E. Brown

THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE: The Queen Mary Hellenic Club, which is taking the same cruise as Mr. Charles Graves, is here seen listening to a lecture from the bearded lips of Canon Wigram seen in the foreground in a solar topee

I suppose there was no reason to suspect any possible resemblance between Athens and Constantinople. Certainly there is none whatever, except for the remarkable salivary glands of Greek and Turkish bootblacks. Constantinople is a city of beards, mosques, cobbles, water-carriers, trams, hawkers, beggars, plane trees, chestnut trees, and two-dimensional kittens. Never have I seen so many utterly emaciated kittens starving to death at every corner, and dozens of passengers on this cruise have asked me to draw attention to the scandal. Athens, by contrast, is a city of magnificent roads, red pepper trees, donkeys, straw hats, marble and cafés, and dilatoriness. Sitting under the trees at the Folies d'Eté, the leading night club in Athens, a young Englishman who has been out there for eight months gave me his impressions of the city. "At first," he said, "you are full of enthusiasm and vigour. You decide to clean up the office and get deals put through quickly and generally behave in a business-like way. You soon find what you are up against and get angry. Finally, you become acquiescent. All the shops close from midday to four o'clock in the afternoon. I used to work after lunch. Now I doze." This young man, who is evidently very observant, told me a number of amusing things about Athens. One was that *Lady Chatterley's Lovers*, by D. H. Lawrence, is running as a serial in the leading evening newspaper. Another was that if a working-class man meets a priest on his way to work, he is liable to put hand on waistline, spit, and go immediately back to bed. Priests are considered very unlucky. He also told me several of the manual signs with which Greeks can carry on a protracted conversation without saying a word: if you put two fingers on your chin, that is to say that the other man is a liar; if you tug the right lapel of your coat, you are showering the most appalling abuse upon him. If you display your hand downwards and outwards, it depends on how many fingers you keep straight out to illustrate what force you are lending to your previous remark. There are several others not at all suitable even to hint at in THE SPHERE. As we sat there a series of cabaret acts appeared on the tessellated marble floor. Several of them were English as the broad Lancashire, "Now then boys and girls," indicated. Athens' night life goes on until all hours—unlike Constantinople, where everything is dead by a little after midnight.

What is most interesting about Athens is the extraordinary success with which excavations are being carried out and restorations are being made. I walked with Lord D'Abernon round the Acropolis, and he was telling me how much things had been improved for the better since he was there two years ago. Photographs taken before 1929 of the Parthenon are now completely out of date and inaccurate, just as those taken now will be only of historical interest in a year or two. Within another ten years all the columns of the Parthenon will have been restored. One side is practically complete already. As for the excavations, it is astonishing that the Greeks do not show more impatience at getting on with the work by the Temple of Theseus, which is proved by excavations not to be the Temple of Theseus at all. It is the Temple of Vulcan, or rather Hephæstus, his Greek equivalent. Down by the Street of Tombs, where excavations do not begin again until the late autumn, they have been finding treasure after treasure. More important still, they are continually proving that Pausanias' second century predecessor of Baedeker was absolutely accurate, just as they have found, at Corinth and everywhere else, this peripatetic and conscientious little man went round, papyrus in hand, taking notes of everything he saw. Backed by the munificence of Mr. Otto Kahn, who also helped to pay for the restoration of the Parthenon, the excavators are going to dig as far as the Palace of ex-King George and Hadrian's arch—this vast acreage of densely populated houses being marked out for demolition. Here they are convinced that they will find the homes of Pericles and Æschylus, and, who knows?—some of the MSS. of Sappho. They have already come across the tombstone of Aspasia, Pericles' wife, as well as every kind of Turkish, Byzantine, Venetian, and Roman oddment on top of the pure Greek relics which in turn surmount the foundations of recently-excavated neolithic dwelling-places. They have found the Tomb of the Thirty Tyrants, a statue by Praxiteles, and goodness knows what else. Only three months ago, at Corinth, they came across fifty-one perfectly good gold Greek coins and some jewellery. At the moment, in the Street of Tombs, any number of skeletons are lying about loosely covered by tiles or stones or fragments of earthenware vases. When they stopped work for the summer they were busy unearthing a china factory as we should call it nowadays. It stands half out of the ground, where one of the many earthquakes had buried it. This excavation is quite the most interesting part of Athens, and I am sure that very few English people are aware of the extraordinary discoveries which are being made almost daily except during the close season, so to say.

Of modern Athens there is much to write. They have not yet completed the vast marble stadium on the site of the one which existed in 340 B.C. It holds 80,000 people, and they revive ancient Greek dances there. It was begun in 1896 under the will of a wealthy Greek, who made his pile in Egypt and left 5,000,000 dollars for the work. But the Balkan wars and the Great War and earthquakes have all contributed to the delay, and though the seating accommodation is complete, and the pretty semi-circle of cypresses has grown up at the back, only a few of the eighty-four columns of the intended quadruple colonnade have been erected.

Athens has been more fortunate even than Birmingham in the generosity of its citizens. Wherever you go you see dazzling marble palaces erected in the last few years by old Athenians. Vagliano of the Greek Syndicate put up the magnificent national library, with its sweeping double stairway. Others have built the National Science Academy, University buildings, the School of Fine Arts, and the like.

Athens is changing faster than any industrial city in the North of England or even America. Since the million refugees arrived only ten years ago it has trebled in size. All the way from Phaleron Bay to the outskirts of the town hundreds and thousands of small pink and white villas of these refugees have sprung up, incidentally blotting out the view of the racecourse almost entirely. The streets have their names changed, too. I did not actually find my way to T. P. O'Connor Street, which is near the railway station, but it is only one of several, like Worthington Street, which has been gracefully dedicated to the memory of stout-hearted Englishmen and Irishmen who have helped the cause of Greece.

An Englishman from Hoylake is the professional at the Athens Golf Club. When I arrived he was in a red and yellow bathing dress, paddling a canoe out in the bay. But he soon paddled back and lent me a bag of clubs. No water is laid on to the course, which gives the fairway a remarkable surface of baked earth. However, there are some excellent dog's-legholes over vineyards and some of the scrub is remarkably hard to negotiate. Our caddies had bare feet and smoothed the sand greens with their soles before we played, with the result that I had only one putt on twelve greens. They did not always have to do this as the course was "valeted" for us most of the way by a water-carrier who sprayed the sand greens as we approached, and a man with a broom who brushed both them and the tees for us at at least six holes.

That is modern enough. The Acropolis is ancient enough. What enchanted me most was the admirable mixture of ancient and modern in the theatre of Dionysus. This was a group of four semi-naked Greek children playing one of the world's oldest games on

Exhibited by Photographic Advertising, Ltd., at Prince's Gallery

SEVEN BELLS! A delightful study suggesting all the *dolce far niente*—and the opulent luxury—of a cruising holiday. The order of the day is, immediately on arising, to plunge into the swimming pool

MODERNITY IN THE CITY OF ANTIQUITY: The most up-to-date railway in Greece is that at New Phalerum, Athens, on the electric line connecting the capital with its port, the Piræus. It carries four separate lines

AND ISTANBUL

GRAVES

Correspondent)

one of the world's oldest boards—a game which would probably oust yo-yo in a fortnight if introduced to England.

It is a mixture of croquet, snakes and ladders, shove halfpenny and shuffle board. You have to snick a pebble round a flat board shaped like a modern 16-in. shell and marked off into squares at the base. If the pebble goes off the board or stays on the line you lose a point. The board on which these children were playing had been marked at least 1,500 years ago and probably earlier. Not unnaturally I took a photograph of it.

And now for Constantinople, which is at once a disappointment and a thrill. It is a disappointment because it is quite difficult to find the bazaar or Turkish cigarette shops or Turkish delight shops. The best of the latter is Ali Muhudin's, and the Turkish delight is of the consistency of toffee—unlike anything you buy in England, which is flabby and tasteless compared with it.

The thrill comes in many ways. St. Sophia, the great mosque built by Justinian without any supporting columns, is astounding; however keen your anticipation you are thrilled also by the sight of men selling anything from ties to bedsteads which they carry on their back. It would be possible to furnish a complete house from these portable one-man shops. In addition to the actual hawkers you see men bent double under seven or eight ten-yard planks, panes of glass, huge logs, and all the things that would normally be carried by a lorry or drawn by a horse. Horses in the poorer parts of Constantinople are almost non-existent, and even in the "West End" you see only a few measly and flea-bitten ponies. Of motor-cars there are any number, the drivers of which every now and then seem to catch a spasmodic epidemic of hooting wildly. Let one car sound its hooter, and for half a mile every klaxon within hearing will be pressed vigorously.

Speaking of the thrills again, there is nothing in Rome or anywhere else to compete with the terrific Roman wall extending with its moat, buttresses, and towers all the way from Marmora for five miles. It survived seventeen sieges and a thousand years before its lack of defenders caused its downfall when Constantinople was taken in 1453. Seeing it in the orange of a Constantinople sunset is an unforgettable experience.

Another thrill is the kind of Madame Tussaud's exhibition in the gallery of the Military Museum housed in a pink mosque which was once a Byzantine church. Outside it, for all to see, is a rather shaming exhibit—nothing less than a dud shell from the *Queen Elizabeth*, with a boastful Turkish inscription round its base. Just inside, too, is a series of English army rifles captured at Kut El Mara, together with muskets and rifles from almost every nation on earth. Upstairs is the exhibition which shows the old-time executioners, grand viziers, torturers, and janissaries. The janissaries' armour is rather odd and irregular; this is due to the fact that, like the modern hotel waiter, whom they somewhat resembled in certain ways, they used to have a "tronc" system whereby they carved up the takings after a successful battle. If any smartly-armoured enemy was killed one janissary would take his greaves, another his breastplate, another his helmet, and so on. It may be a sign of modern times that in the last two years they have removed the charming little tableau of an execution of a janissary.

But then, the Turks ever since 1820 have been reforming fast. It was not until 1904, admittedly, that the first football club was started in Constantinople (it now has a membership of 27,000 and is head of the Levantine Football League, so its founder told me proudly this morning). Yet it was in 1820 that the janissaries were disbanded and the day of the despotic Sultan ended. To-day there are forty cinemas in Constantinople. Not all of them are wired. But the gusts of laughter in Lunar Park from an audience enjoying a slapstick silent comedy was evident proof that the modern Turk has a sense of humour.

Since Mustapha Kemal came into power all sorts of radical changes have been made. The Turk still writes from right to left, but his lettering is modern, and children at school can learn three times as quickly as they used to do, though the older generation are quite at sea with the new-fangled alphabet. The purdah is also disappearing as rapidly as circumcision. Fezes have disappeared and only mullahs wear turbans—frequently with umbrellas. There are four cricket clubs at Constantinople, but cricket is not very popular. In fact it has not really penetrated at all. Football is more like the fight or the brawl which the Turk really enjoys. In a Turkish open-air restaurant where I lunched there was a very hot school of backgammon played at lightning speed for quite high points. The mosques, by the same token, are rapidly becoming museums.

St. Sophia is a case in point. Except on the Turkish Remission Day, on the last day of Ramadan, there is little worship in the big mosques. They are even uncovering all the figured mosaics which are against their orthodox religion and are survivals of the day when the mosques were Byzantine churches. In the whole, vast, magnificent extent of St. Sophia I saw only two worshippers—a man and a woman. To-day every town in Turkey has its own football club. Turks, too, are natural mechanics. They like any tricky bit of machinery. Motor cars are their particular joy.

And now for a few general impressions of Constantinople. The smells are by no means as overpowering as one might expect. The streets are steep, narrow, and cobbled. I have already referred to the two-dimensional cats. There is a marvellous street, called in the local argot "Step street," which is about a thousand yards long and descends by steps each six feet wide and flanked by second-hand shops. I had one of the best dinners of my life at the Park Hotel restaurant, which has a vast marble dance floor with fig trees and peach trees growing round it and Turkish chants from a nearby mosque. The best hotel is the Tokatilazn. The Pera Palace Hotel, however, has the best bar and the best barman.

The trams clutter the streets, which in turn are cluttered by more pedestrians per square yard than any two other cities at midday in the world. Taxicab drivers bounce off the legs of melon sellers, shoot under the noses of grape vendors, skid past trams, and generally misbehave themselves to an *obbligato* of hoots. Coffee and mineral water (if they can afford the latter) seem to be the national beverages. When I went into the Osmanli Bank to change English money (you get more than seven Turkish pounds for one English pound) an old woman was taking round a tray of Turkish coffee to each employee. Turkish coffee, according to the Turkish recipe, should be "as hot as hell and as black as the devil" and then alternatively "as sweet as sin" or "as bitter as death."

It is impossible to describe in a few sentences the Constantinople or rather Istanbul as it is to-day. It is a medley of modern stone buildings and projecting wooden houses with purdah windows. Mustapha Kemal wears a lounge suit. The Patriarch of Constantinople wears, on ceremonial occasions, robes which weigh over eighty pounds with their gold and jewellery. Now that their religion and opportunities for fighting have been taken away from them, one wonders what the Turk is going to do in the future. True, you can always make a Turk into a soldier by putting a rifle in his hand and, as to religion, they never really took to the real Islam, having received it by way of Persia. Nevertheless, their future seems difficult to foretell. They were once the greatest power in the world. To-day—well, look at their currency. Probably the best thing they could do in these modern times would be to take up greyhound racing. They have already made a start with football.

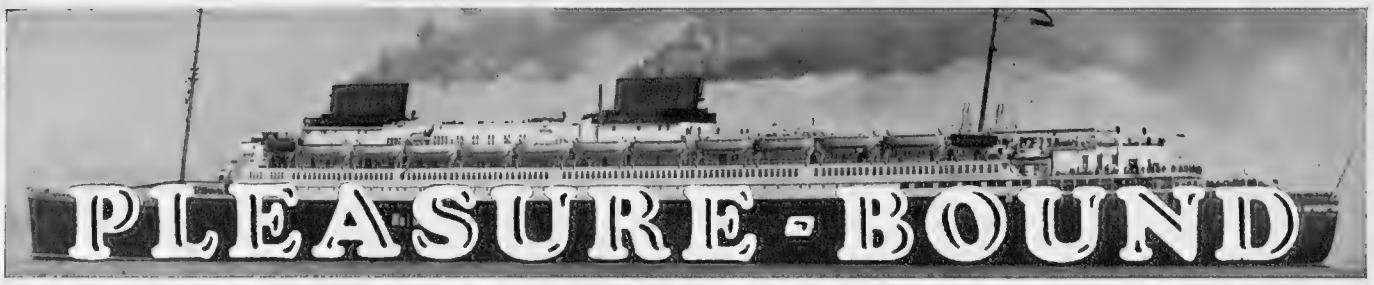
"THE SULTAN'S TURRET IN A NOOSE OF LIGHT": A view of dawn breaking over the Galata Bridge, Istanbul. This picture was taken during the great Muslim fast of Ramadan, when only after sundown does the world awake, to sleep again at sunrise

Charles E. Brown

WATER TAXIS OF ISTANBUL: The picturesque caiques of the Bosphorus await the pleasure of Mr. Charles Graves's selection—a picture taken of the identical cruise engaging the personal attention of our Special Correspondent

AN HELLENIC-AMERICAN INSTITUTION: A view of the first building of the new Athens College—an institution chartered by the Regents of New York State. It is run by funds raised equally in Greece and the U.S.A.

SPECIAL CRUISING SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"



PLEASURE-BOUND

A Survey of the Modern Type of Holiday

By CLIVE HOLLAND

The year 1932 will go down to history as that in which cruising holidays to more or less distant lands reached a height of popularity quite unprecedented, and incidentally did much to save the situation for shipping companies and tourist agencies.

And after all what a delightful experience a cruise in an ocean-going liner always is! The wonder being that it has taken so long for a seafaring nation like our own to realize the fact, and acquire the habit which has, if one reads the signs aright, come to stay.

What a magnificent choice, too, is offered by the various steamship lines.

There is South Africa with all its wealth of sunshine, romance, lovely scenery, and intriguing life calling one. It is a land, too, with most excellent opportunities for sports and pastimes of various kinds. The Cape has the most equable climate in the world, and is for this reason so favoured by those who need a change for health's sake as well as pleasure.

It is difficult, indeed, without being accused of extravagance to describe the attractions of beautiful Cape Town, where everything possible is done to add material attractions to those of climate and scenery, and to ensure that visitors spend a happy and interesting time. There is surf-bathing, too, at Camps Bay and other places along the coast, where one finds the sea of that almost indescribable blue one associates with the South Pacific. Lovely sands, brilliant sunshine, and great rollers, that break in foam against the base of the rocks known as the "Twelve Apostles," make a natural Lido of unsurpassed charm. And those whose time permits may see quite a lot of South Africa by taking one of the "Radiant" tours arranged by the South African Railways.

The steamers of the Union Castle Line are making cruises to South Africa at Christmas and in the New Year. The first starts from Southampton on December 9, and reaches Cape Town on Boxing Day. There are also the usual weekly sailings.

Then the Royal Mail Line on February 3 start a wonderful "Round Africa" cruise of two months' duration, the route being via the Mediterranean, Port Said, Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Durban, Cape Town, St. Helena of historic memories, Sierra Leone, seldom visited, and Las Palmas. A matter of 15,500 miles of sea travel in luxury. A tempting proposition at a cost of less than 2½d. per mile. A wonderful holiday, indeed, of fascinating interest, with such "sightseeing" as could not be obtained at all a few years ago except at a prohibitive cost.

For those with less time than that required for a lengthy cruise the Orient Line offers most delightful short cruises of thirteen days and upward, one of these to Toulon calling at Gibraltar, and passing along the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal. It is a most delightful and restful form of holiday where there is no bother with the Customs Houses, booking rooms at hotels, and constant packing and unpacking of luggage. The fares are astonishingly moderate. This line also offers cruises in the sunny Mediterranean where one can escape the fogs and chill of our less genial winter climate, and visit Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Sicily, and other delightful lands. There is also by this line a service to Australia offering an opportunity for cricket enthusiasts to combine a wonderful ocean holiday with seeing the "Tests." The Australian railways offer excellent facilities, and there are good hotels and a warm welcome for tourists from the Mother Country. There is exquisite scenery, too, in Australia, a fact too little known "up-over."

Orient

GEMS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: The island of Malta is, æsthetically, one of the Middle Sea's greatest jewels; the Orient liner, S.S. *Orfora*, is another

Thos. Cook and Son

THE GLORY OF THE NILE can never be better enjoyed than aboard so luxurious a ship as Cook's new steamer *Sudan* seen above approaching Assuan, the scene of one of the miracles of modern engineering science

One cannot leave that happy hunting ground of cruises, the Mediterranean, without referring to the tours organized by the Lloyd Triestino Line to its eastern shores. In eighteen days a passenger sailing from Trieste or Genoa completes the return journey, remaining on the same boat the whole time, touching Trieste, Genoa, Naples, and Catania, and calling in at Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey. Istambul marks the most eastern point of the trip. As there are two cruise lines now organized with regular sailings, the traveller is not bound to dates. There is no difficulty of booking up months ahead. An additional advantage lies in the fact that not only can one sail in any given week, but one can also pick up the most convenient boat of the line from the point of view of time at the most convenient port of call from the point of view of space, and return to one's starting point, or, alternatively, leave the ship where one desires to pick up another vessel to return without being compelled to delay more than a few days to do so.

The Lloyd Triestino is noted for the luxury of its ships. Accommodation and cuisine are alike admirable. Further, one is not bound to stick to the excellently organized shore excursions, but may follow one's own bent at any *point d'appui* with the mainland. The termini of the cruises are on the so-called "A" and "B" lines, Genoa and Trieste: the vessel starting from Genoa, arriving at Trieste in eighteen days; that leaving Trieste taking the same length of time, but following a slightly different route, terminating its voyage in Genoa. Sailings from both ports are fortnightly.

The winter sunshine cruises of the Bibby Line to Egypt, the Sudan, Southern India, lovely Ceylon —that spice isle of beauty—romantic Burma, and the Straits Settlements offer many attractions. They are planned on a special low rate return ticket basis and have the advantage that one can make a long or short holiday cruise with a choice of many interesting countries to visit. A cruise through the Mediterranean, with Egypt and the Sudan as its objective, about Christmas time is one of which many will be glad to avail themselves. It is difficult in a few words to convey any idea of the charm of a visit to Ceylon, so famed for its beautiful winter climate and exquisite scenery. The steamers of this line provide many comforts for those travelling in hot climates, and facilities for enjoyment and amusement *en route*.

The P. and O. is noted for its cruises as well as for its regular services, and most attractive are the former which have been scheduled for this autumn and the early spring. The routes of this company traverse a wide expanse of the seas and oceans of the world. One has the choice of tours to Egypt, and here again the frequent sailings make a visit at any time possible; to Australia, for the Test matches; to China and Japan. The Egyptian tours are particularly attractive as they vary in length from five to seven weeks. The last named allows one to have twenty-five days in Egypt itself and see much of that mysterious land. There are combined sea, rail, and hotel tickets for these tours, and excellent arrangements have been made with the Egyptian State Railways for the comfort of tourists.

One of the most attractive cruise propositions of the P. and O. for the coming season is the round voyage including a tour in Japan. There is a great allure for Europeans in that quaint but progressive and amazingly interesting land; with its beautiful scenery, curious mingling of the West with the East in the life of its large cities, its ancient temples, picturesque festivals, and what may, perhaps, best be described as "strangeness." The special Japanese tour is one of eleven days —visiting Kioto, the capital Tokio, Numazu, Nagoya, Miyanoschita, and other places, all of which are of fascinating interest. On every hand one has delightful groves, charming gardens—for Japan is famed for these—shrines and ancient temples, exquisite mountains, a picturesque countryside, and wild torrents and cascades without number. And the voyage out and back of itself is sure to be one of delight, with congenial companionship, a constant round of amusements, and sports for which all ocean cruises are famed.

(Continued on p. 432)

Booth Line

1,000 MILES UP THE AMAZON: The outskirts of Manaos, on the edge of the impenetrable forests of the great river, reached on the fascinating cruises organized by the Booth Line

R.M.S.P.

A HIGH LIGHT OF THE RIVIERA: A scene on the mountain road *en route* to Nice, one of the delightful excursions on the R.M.S. *Atlantis* cruises. This trip is taken from Villefranche

PLEASURE CRUISES

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tells about all the lovely, sunny places, at home and abroad, where winter may be left behind. Tours and stays of a week or fortnight, complete with details of expense, accommodation, etc., are contained in this book, which is free on request.

PLEASURE-BOUND

(Continued from page 430)

Australia, be it noted, is well to the fore as regards cruising holidays. Is it as a consequence of Test cricket or in pursuance of a policy of opening up the Empire resources of beauty and pleasure to British tourists? On February 11 the famous cruising liner, *Ulysses*, of the Blue Funnel Line leaves on what has been described as a "Round Australia" Tour. Those who can be away for four-and-a-half months will be attracted by so excellent an opportunity of seeing something of four continents, and of enjoying many opportunities during the voyage of landing and seeing something of the interesting ports of call, which include Port Said, Colombo, Penang, Batavia, Samarang, Bali, Macassar (with a visit to the wonderful and famous Barrier Reef), Brisbane, Sydney, Durban, Cape Town, and Las Palmas among others.

This opportunity for landing and exploring forms one of the greatest attractions of the voyage of the *Ulysses*. This line has also regular services to Egypt, Ceylon, China, Japan, South Africa, and the South of France, so that its comfortable boats can be used for holiday tours of varying length planned by tourists themselves, or the excellent arrangements made by the company known as "Return Tours" of varying durations, allowing return at intervals by steamers of the company.

Bermuda Trade Development Board

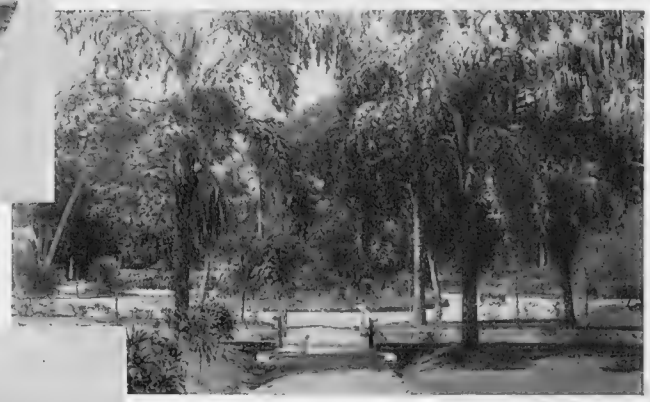
THE CHARM OF BERMUDA: Red Bay, Hamilton Harbour, whose wooded slopes and pellucid waters make yachting a joy

F. and O.

IN THE WEST INDIES: A view of Vigie from La Toc with Pigeon Island in the background whither the P. and O. ship *Viceroy of India* will cruise in December

Lloyd Triestino

A PLEASURE VESSEL OF DISTINCTION: The Lloyd Triestino ship *Ausonia* which will carry out an attractive programme of cruises during the winter season



P. and O.

ST. LUCIA BOTANIC STATION is well stocked with tropical plants of all varieties and the highlights of the P. and O. liner *Viceroy of India* cruise there three months hence

The tourist of to-day with time and money at his command can outrival the exploits of Magellan, Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Drake, Cook, and other circumnavigators and explorers of past times and, indeed, to steam around the world in a floating luxury hotel in the shape of a liner will soon become so common a practice as to arouse little comment even among one's friends. Several world cruises are planned for this autumn and next spring, and none will be more popular, we venture to predict, than that of the noted Canadian Pacific line by the magnificent *Empress of Britain* of 42,500 tons, the circuit of whose deck is but a little under a third of a mile. The cruise starts on November 23 from Southampton, and ends there on April 19 next year. There is no room for even a list of the interesting places at which it touches, but here are some of the countries visited: France, U.S.A., Spain, Algeria, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Straits Settlements, Siam, Philippine Islands, China, Japan, Hawaii, U.S.A. (San Francisco), zone of the Panama Canal, Cuba, and back to England.

It cannot be done cheaply, but on the other hand is not dear when one considers the exceptional interest of the voyage, the super-luxury of the

(Continued on p. 434)

FOR SUMMER SUNSHINE IN OCTOBER

OCT. 5 . . . To Mediterranean 15 days from **28 Gns.**

OCT. 21 . . . To Atlantic Islands 15 days from **28 Gns.**

ALSO CHRISTMAS CRUISE TO MEDITERRANEAN
Dec. 21 17 days from **29 Gns.**

1933 CRUISE ROUND AFRICA
February 3 57 days from **135 Gns.**

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(17,000 tons)

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ONE CLASS ONLY

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"LACONIA" (20,000 tons)
MADEIRA, WEST INDIES, N. AFRICA,
from Liverpool, January 26th.
39 days from 75 gns.
MEDITERRANEAN and EGYPT,
from Southampton, March 8th.
30 days from 45 gns.
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from Southampton, April 8th.
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ROUND THE WORLD
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE CRUISE, 1933
"CARINTHIA" (20,000 tons)
from Europe late December, 1932,
returning early June, 1933.
from 415 gns.

Apply Cunard Line, London, Liverpool, or Cunard office or agent in your district.

Cunard

Union Castle

IN TABLE BAY: One of the luxurious Union Castle liners in the shadow of the famous Table Mountain

PLEASURE BOUND

(Cont. from p. 432)

P. and O.

TURBO-ELECTRIC: The 20,000-ton P. and O. luxury ship, *Viceroy of India*, seen at rest

accommodation, the "apartments" with hot and cold running water, the bedsteads in place of "bunks," the suites that can be had, and the wonderful halls, lounges, club lounge, the provisions for maintaining an equable temperature in all climates, the numberless bathrooms, full-size tennis court, squash racquets court, Olympian swimming pool and café attached in the ship itself, the open-air swimming pool, the sports deck, and the fact that the decorations of the various portions of the ship in many cases are by famous artists.

The cruise may cost anything from nearly £500 to £1,200. But the marvel of it all, the 35,000 miles of sea travel, the amazing interest of the voyage, and the fact that although constructed for 1,100 passengers the *Empress of India* carries on these world cruises only a third that number.

Then there are the usual cruises of the same line to the West Indies. The new cruises also call at St. George, Grenada, and the port and harbour of Castries, at St. Lucia. By this line, too, there are much shorter cruises, for example, to the Mediterranean for thirteen days by the *Montcalm* for less than £1 per day, and for three weeks by the palatial liner, *Empress of Australia*, for a very moderate sum.

Bermuda is one of the loveliest of cruising destinations. So much has been written about it that it seems unnecessary to labour its delights. The beauty of the scenery, the peace of the atmosphere, the halcyon calm of existence on the islands—life in Bermuda is, in effect, much the same as life on a cruise itself—are accepted facts like the Pyramids of Egypt or the Temples of Greece.

It is not, however, so widely known that the first bananas ever seen in Britain came from Bermuda! Yet, in the eighteenth century a bunch from the islands created a sensation in the coffee-houses of London town. They are still grown, but not for export. The inhabitants cultivate bananas as the ordinary Englishman cultivates potatoes or cabbages.

An additional Bermudan attraction is the completion of the railway, linking Hamilton to Somerset and St. George.

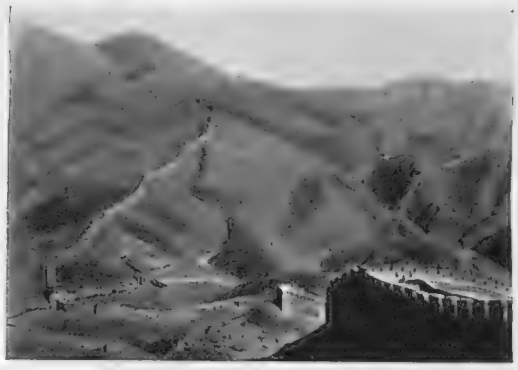
(Continued on p. 436)

Union Castle

VICTORIA FALLS: A remarkable picture showing train and passengers on the bridge, and also the new motor-way recently completed

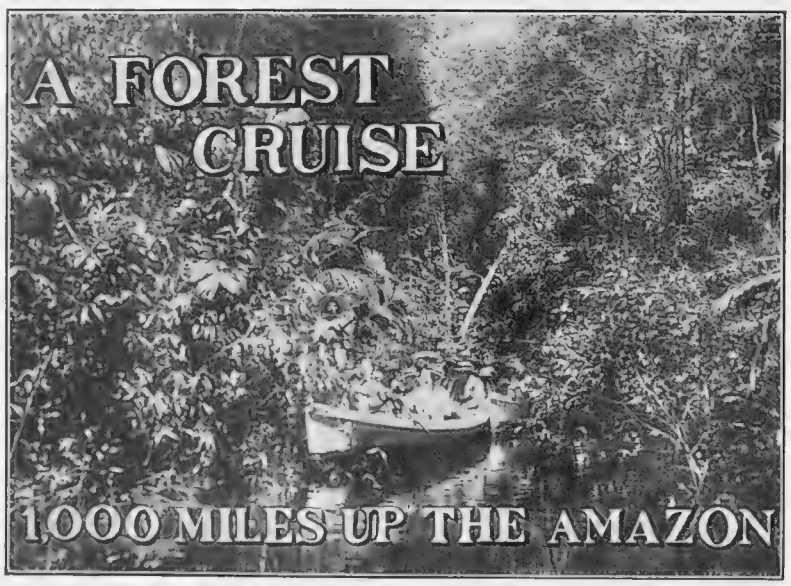
R.M.S.P.

DECK TENNIS — a rapid mélange of lawn tennis and quoits—played aboard R.M.S. *Atlantis*



C.P.R.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, one of the high-lights of the C.P.R. luxury cruise to the Far East



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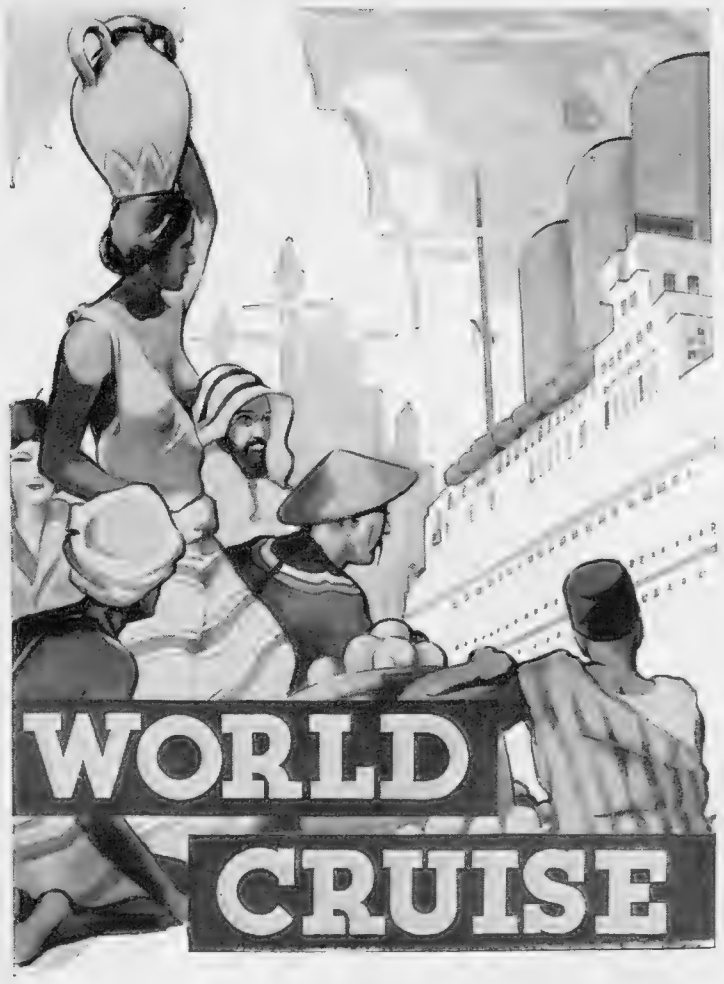
L.A.



1932—greatest of Cruising Years—culminates with Canadian Pacific's magnificent Round the World Cruise, a grand and enthralling pageant of colourful countries and picturesque peoples, by the beautiful new 42,500 ton luxury liner

Empress of Britain

the Cruise-Ship Supreme — Biggest ever to encircle the globe.

Designed and built for ultra-luxury Cruising (decorated by Artists of international fame, equipped in the most modern manner, and unrivalled in Service and Cuisine), the great white Empress will follow an itinerary carefully planned to visit the various countries at the best time of year for each. Thus you are in the Holy Land at Christmas, Cairo on New Year's Eve, India in the Cool Season, Japan in Blossom Time and dozens of other interesting places when things are at their best. Make your decision now, and book at once for this event of a lifetime!

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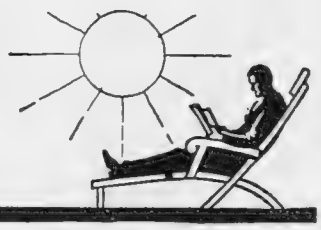
This winter
go to the
WEST INDIES



Consider now the unique advantages of the West Indies for this winter. Glorious sunshine tempered by cooling breezes: first class—yet reasonably priced—hotels: where the pound is still worth twenty shillings: perfect roads: every sport from golf to yachting and deep sea fishing. Go by Fyffes Line. You can leave any week, break the voyage at any port of call and return at any time. Real comfort in the ship as well as ashore.

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PLEASURE BOUND

(Continued from p. 434)

The well-known Cunard Line is not behind the others in offering, to those who would escape the rigours of the English winter climate, cruises to sunny lands. Three of their liners, *Lancastria*, *Laconia*, and the *Carinthia*, have been detailed to make such cruises during the present autumn and next spring. Those arranged cover a programme of from fourteen days to five months, the distances from 3,000 to 42,000 miles, and the cost of these ranges from 15 to 415 guineas. The *Lancastria* makes Mediterranean cruises on September 24 and October 8, and the *Laconia* during January, March, and April makes them to the Mediterranean, West Indies, and Egypt respectively.

C.N.R.

EMPRESS OF BRITAIN: The 42,500-ton luxury liner of the Canadian Pacific line, which leaves Southampton in November for a five months' cruise round the world

The great item of the Cunard programme, however, is the "Round the World Southern Hemisphere" cruise, starting from New York on January 7 and returning there on May 25. Intending passengers can either go to New York by another steamer of the Cunard Line or join the *Carinthia* at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 11. This attractive holiday cruise of 36,000 miles touches at many interesting places, including that loneliest of islands, Tristan da Cunha, Apia, Honolulu, Tahiti, Auckland, Sydney, Bima Bay, Telok Padang, Singapore, Penang, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Delagoa Bay, Durban, Cape Town, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, and Barbados.

Union Castle

AT PORT ELIZABETH: Johannes, the attendant, at the Snake Farm with pythons wound round his neck

The well-known luxury cruiser, the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line, has a big programme arranged for her, commencing with a cruise to the West Indies and Spanish Main, Cuba, the Caribbean Sea, and the Canary Islands, starting on January 25, covering a distance of 12,000 miles, and lasting till March 11, costing 97 guineas and upwards. The luxury and amenities of the *Arandora Star* are too well known to need detailing. It is sufficient to say that aboard her one finds everything that one can expect in a first-class hotel, plenty to amuse and interest in the life on board, and a general well-being that leaves nothing to be desired.

At the coming Christmas season there is a sunshine cruise, and right through the year at intervals there are other equally attractive cruises arranged by the Blue Star Line to the Mediterranean, the North African ports, the Northern capitals and Norwegian fjords, to Iceland, the North Cape, and Spitzbergen, to the Adriatic and Greece, and the eastern portions of the Mediterranean.

Blue Funnel

THE MOSQUE AND CITADEL OF MOHAMED ALY, one of the high-lights of the cruises organized by the famous Blue Funnel line

The Booth Line have made a speciality of Amazon cruises. They are one of the most restful and novel of all. There is no extra charge, too, for the various excursions, and only those who have taken this most wonderful holiday can realize the beauty, charm, and interest of the 1,000 miles' voyage up that mighty river Amazon, the banks of which at the commencement of the journey are many miles distant from one's steamer, and on the latter portion are so close that the bird and other tropical life of the environing forest can be easily seen and studied.

TRADITIONAL: A Grecian soldier in his picturesque uniform caught by the camera at Athens

After an ocean voyage, with all its bracing qualities, one journeys up the greatest of world rivers, where for several hundred miles onwards from the half-western, half-eastern city of Para at its mouth the river is split up into channels by many palm-clad islands until one comes to that strangely situated city of Manáos, from which many interesting excursions can be made into the great unknown of the primeval forest region, to native villages, and to places of tropical

(Continued on p. 440)

In Spain — you meet ancient art and culture . . .

Excavation in Medina Azzahara.

There the Romans have left their traces in the shape of some still existing buildings, and many unrivalled palaces and buildings bear witness of the long sovereignty of the Moors.

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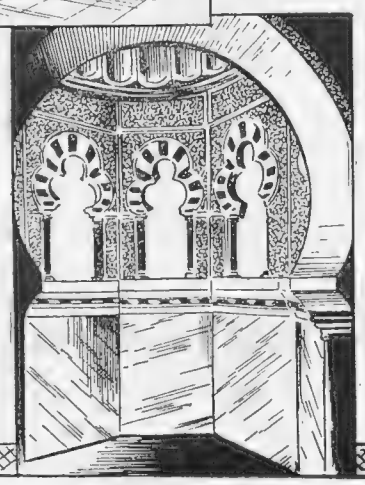
And in the people's dress and habits there still live traditions from very ancient times.

All this combined make a trip to Spain so interesting, so rich of impressions and memories . . .

Communications in modern Spain are convenient — hotels are famous for their comfort and catering . . . thus you can get everywhere French cuisine besides the excellent Spanish cookery. And you will find it quite inexpensive to travel in Spain.

The Monastery of El Escorial.

Mihrab, a chapel in Cordoba.

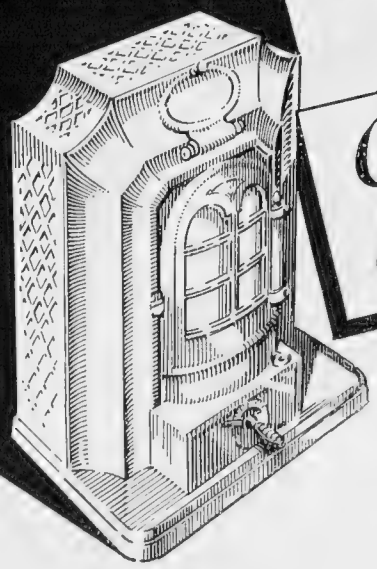


The travelling bureaux will supply all information.

Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Department), Madrid (Medinaceli, 2) and Paris (Boulevard de la Madeleine, 12).

T

THE STOVE THAT MEANS



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For full particulars, write to The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water St., Liverpool; Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., 32, Bow St., W.C.2; Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1.

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EMPIRE ENTERTAINMENT

By ROBIN KNIGHT

"Adieu valises, vacances sont faites." Let us misquote Laforgue and sigh as the last trunk is unpacked. Cars, trains, boats, and aeroplanes are rushing back to London from all corners of the earth; the names of this and that place will linger regretfully for a few days; we shall want to boast of all the pleasant things we have done, and soon the telephones will be buzzing with "Come to lunch, to tea, to dine" (not to meet Mrs. Kinfoot, but to hear about my holiday). And so we find ourselves embarked again on a pleasant round of autumn functions, even more pleasant, perhaps, than those of the other seasons; smaller, intimate, and essentially dependent on the personality of the hostess, on the talent of her cook.

Entertaining at home has always been one of the most outstanding characteristics of the English. Wherever one goes abroad it is always to hear of our generous hospitality, and this year it has assumed almost the proportions of propaganda, for our tables were never before so patriotically laden; English market-garden produce, colonial fruit, Empire wines, and home-grown meat are all playing their part in making our dinner-parties, our luncheons, and our week-end gatherings, symbols, as it were, of a sincere desire to use to the best advantage the best of the good things we can command. And this is the moment, if ever, to revive classic English dishes. What, for instance, could be better as a luncheon dish than steak and kidney pudding? There we have both good taste and tradition, and the modern woman doubly scores since she naturally uses that already prepared shredded suet which ensures a crust both sweet and tender.

We are not, of course, dealing with large parties in houses where elaborate meals of the old order are cooked and served by a staff of expensive servants. The occupants of these rare palaces are not, happy souls, concerned with the planning and ordering of meals. They are spared the worries of what to have for dinner, and the apprehension which seizes the modest hostess as she waits for "dinner is served." And yet, are they so very happy? Can they reap what they have not sown? The proud glow of pleasure at the obvious appreciation of a well-cooked dinner; the words of praise for a certain dish—for it is admitted now that people are allowed to, and do, discuss the food they are eating at a friend's table; the buzz of talk and the spontaneous laughter which prove that the wines are well chosen and well served—these are the joys only known to those who take an active interest in their entertaining.

But there is no doubt that a successful hostess of moderate means must take a great deal of trouble. From the beginning to the end she must be the moving spirit, the inspiration of the feast. She must discuss the menu with the cook, she must do some of the shopping herself, choosing the fruit and the more rare ingredients of the dishes she has ordered. The wines, of course, she will leave to her husband, arranging for the food to be a background almost, against which his fine bottles will appear at their best. And her flowers, her silver, and her china are but the decorative elements of a scheme which must include the exactly right sauces, the right salt (Cerebos, of course), and a good warm fire in the grate in winter. She must, in fact, give her guests the feeling that her whole thoughts have been concentrated on making them perfectly happy.

Fortunately, meals are becoming more and more simple. A good luncheon menu, for instance, may be composed of a *hors-d'œuvre* dish—hot or cold—one main *plat* and a salad, finishing with a sweet or cheese and fruit. For the average dinner-party the menu is also short; soup, fish, an entrée, or roast—we seldom see both served, and the profusion of watery vegetables is slowly becoming a thing of the past—a simple sweet, and a spicy savoury follow to bring the meal harmoniously to its end; and if only each dish is the best of its kind the modern English hostess can be justifiably proud of her parties.

There is no doubt that dinner-parties at home will be more popular than ever since the era of cocktail gatherings is on the decline, and the passing of this fashion has further repercussions. Tea, like long hair, has come in again, and here the Englishwoman fears no rival. Her home is at its most charming; her drawing-room, her flowers, her silver, all combine to make this meal incomparable, and the most hardened Continental will lavish praise on the English tea-table. One can foresee a return to the simple life. The hectic shaking of cocktails will give place to the gentle hiss of the tea-kettle and the soft rattle of the cups. . . . Breakfasts (nine o'clock, porridge, kedgeree, toast and marmalade) will be, let us hope, as traditional as ever, and modern playwrights will have to re-set their most dramatic scenes. The heroine will be discovered, not "shaking one," but surrounded by the tea-things, and the fatal telegram will be delivered, not at a night club but in the morning-room, just as the hero has taken his third helping of marmalade. . . .

To turn to the practical side we give a few suggestions for dishes suitable for autumn luncheons:—

Salade Malax.—Peel and cut into thin slices a cucumber and cover it with salt. Leave this for one hour, after which all the water will have oozed out of the cucumber. Squeeze it in a cloth and let the cucumber dry. Line a salad bowl with crisp leaves of lettuce, put in alternate layers of cucumber, the whites of hard-boiled eggs and slices of beetroot. Pour over a dressing made of the crushed yolks of the hard-boiled eggs, oil, vinegar (using one-third of oil to two of vinegar), salt and pepper well mixed together. Three hard-boiled eggs would be sufficient for one cucumber.

York Cutlets.—For each person take one mutton cutlet, trim it well, and grill the cutlets or fry them very crisply. The following sauce should be served separately in a sauce boat: Trim and chop finely one slice of ham, two or three mushrooms, two gherkins, and a hard-boiled egg. Cook together for ten minutes in a glass of sherry and the same quantity of good stock, add salt and pepper and a dash of tomato ketchup. Mashed or sauté potatoes should accompany this dish.

Nottingham Tart.—Butter a flat fire-proof dish, sprinkle it with soft sugar and line it with very thin slices of good eating apples. Moisten with a little water and place on a very cool fire until the apples are cooked. Meanwhile put four heaped tablespoonfuls of marmalade into a saucepan and melt it slowly over the fire. Pass through a fine sieve and pour this sauce over the apples. Add more sugar and cover the top with whites of egg beaten to a stiff froth. Brown in a very quick oven. If preferred, the dish can be first lined with a thin layer of short pastry.

Jam Roly-Poly !

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

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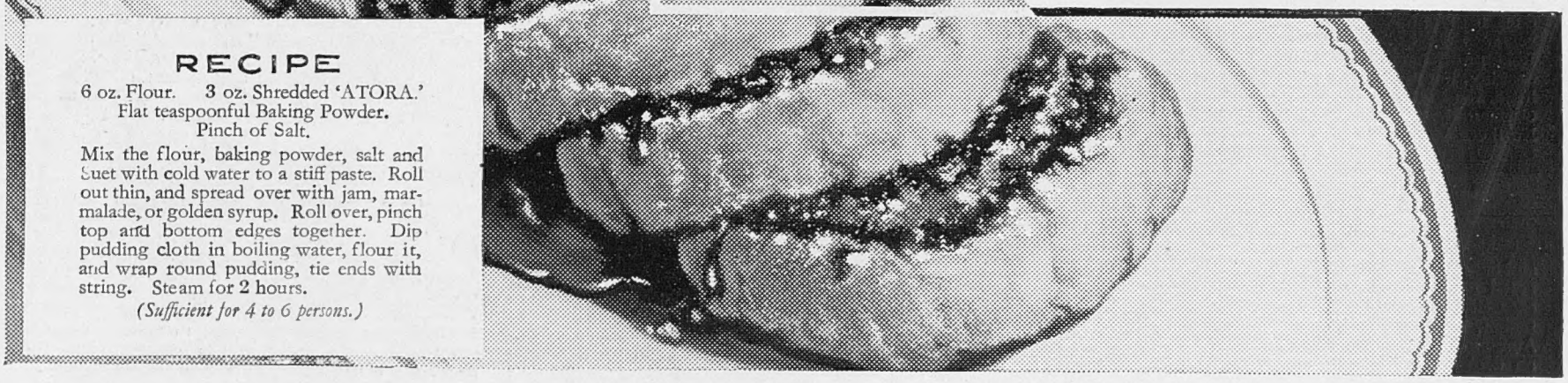

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)

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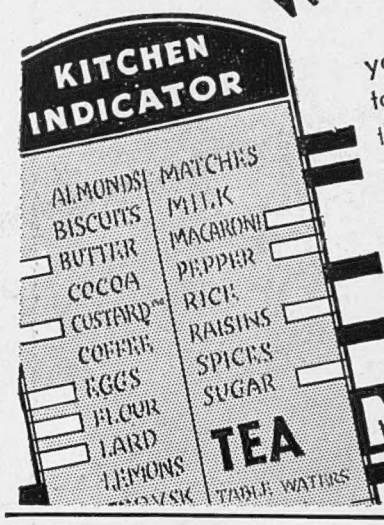

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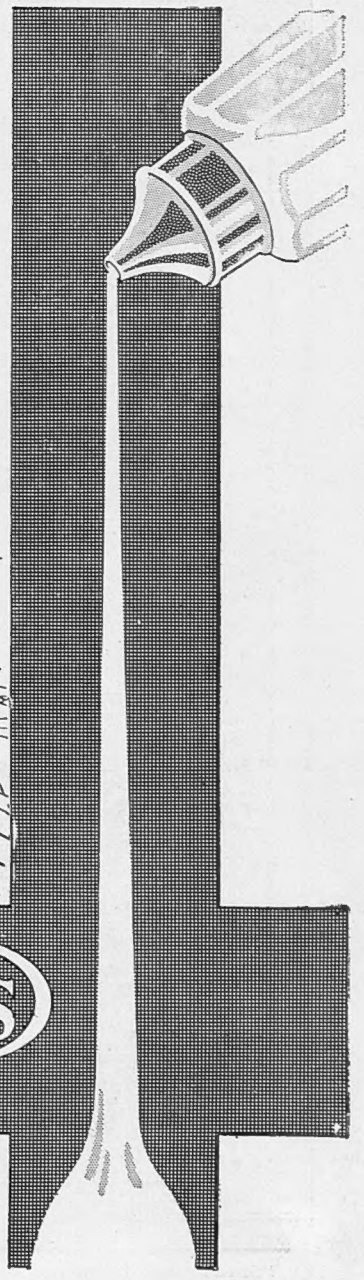

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SEE HOW IT RUNS!

GERMANY'S THREAT ON THE SEAS

(*Continued from p.* 406)

the War the German Admiralty found it almost impossible to persuade the conscript seaman to stay in the service long enough to qualify for petty officer's and warrant officer's rank, and they had to hold out all sorts of promises to persuade him to do so. When recruiting was limited to twelve-year volunteers their case appeared hopeless, but to everybody's surprise far more men came forward than the navy could absorb. They enlisted them carefully in order to avoid having to discharge them in huge batches, but once they were in the service—picked men all—they were subject to an iron discipline far more strict than that in the old Imperial Navy. There was no trouble over the matter, and the men so enlisted and trained are now regarded as among the finest naval seamen in the world.

The first batches have completed their twelve years' enlistment and returned to civil life, but it is reported on good authority that every man who has finished his time, and the great majority of those now in the service, are fully qualified to take up a petty officer's billet immediately, and there is also no lack of qualified warrant officers. The treaty, in fact, has solved Germany's greatest naval problem—that of the higher ratings.

It is still impossible to say whether Germany will get her way over the treaty, or if she does whether she will begin to build up a navy again. Should her rulers decide to do so, and should the financial position of the country permit, there is no doubt that she has all the foundation that is necessary, and is in a position to build so rapidly, that within three years she could change the whole naval position of Europe and introduce many problems which have been dormant for years. France quite realizes the possibility and, with Italy on her other frontier clamouring for naval equality, her position is a difficult one. On the other hand, the Baltic countries fully realize that a powerful German Navy would hold the balance of power in Northern Europe.

PLEASURE BOUND

(*Continued from p.* 436)

and surpassing loveliness. The Booth Line boats are noted for their comfort, the thoroughness with which excursions at ports of call, especially in the Amazon region, are organized, and their excellent cuisine. Amusements, dances, sports, and a swimming bath on deck provide all the diversion one can require on the voyage itself, and the memory of the wonderful experience of equatorial life does not speedily fade. The six weeks of travel covers 12,000 miles.

Those contemplating a visit to the West Indies will welcome the news that the P. and O. Company have decided to send their well-known turbo-electric liner, the *Viceroy of India*, on a thirty-eight days' cruise, leaving London on December 21 and reaching the sunny Azores on Christmas Day. The itinerary of the cruise includes the principal and most interesting islands. The fares, from 70 guineas upwards, are extremely reasonable, and this splendid vessel has the majority of the cabins of single berth type, while there are also handsome suites, unusual deck room, with luxurious appointments of the vessel throughout.

The steamers of the long-established Fyffes Line take one to what has been called the Riviera of the West, otherwise the West Indies. The "comfort" cruises of this line are to them and South and Central America. By them one visits that region of romance which has figured so largely in past history and provided a background for many a thrilling work of fiction. The boats are excellent and well-equipped, and for many the fact that they carry only from 70 to 100 saloon passengers will be an attraction. There are bedstead berths, private bathrooms, single berth cabins, all outside rooms, i.e. with direct light and sea air, a swimming pool, and the usual convenience of up-to-date liners, and adequate amusements.

Practically the whole of the West Indies is served including Jamaica, Bermuda, Trinidad, Barbados, and the Bahamas, so that a round trip offers the opportunity of visiting all the best and most interesting of the West Indies. There is only one class of passengers, first, and the great advantage is offered of breaking the journey and extending one's holiday at will at any port of call, returning or going on by another boat of the same line.

A word must be said regarding the facilities offered by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., for booking for any of the cruises we have referred to, saving much trouble and often disappointment and expense. The firm have, throughout a time of much depression and stress among tourist agencies and steamship companies, not only fostered cruising holidays, but have not allowed their splendid organization and the services it has for many years rendered travellers to fall below par. Years ago there was a popular song, "Follow the Man from Cook's," and the advice is just as good to-day.

In connection with all Egyptian tours it should be remembered that specially excellent arrangements are made by the firm throughout the winter season, December till the end of March, for Nile voyages and tours in the Sudan region. Indeed, a Nile voyage, with all its allurement and fascination, and visits to places of interest and mysterious charm such as Egypt offers, cannot be better arranged than through the medium of this famous tourist agency.

EDNA BEST ART POTTERY

Miss Edna Best has adopted a very novel and absorbing hobby—that of decorating pottery. She first conceived the idea for these special designs when she had a country house for which she could find no tableware or pottery that blended with the old-world charm of her cottage and yet satisfied her eye for colour. She wanted something that could be both useful and decorative at the same time, and she therefore obtained some pieces of plain ware in a honey-colour glaze, and experimented with various combinations of colours and designs.

A LADY OF TWO ARTS: Miss Edna Best, who has taken up painting on pottery

The three patterns which she entrusted to Messrs. Lawleys of Regent Street, for manufacturing, are simple bold designs in free-hand. Not content with producing these designs under Miss Edna Best's direction, several special pieces of pottery were moulded to new and very modern shapes. Each piece of pottery is signed "Edna Best" as a guarantee that it is copied from the original designs, and every piece is hand-painted. At the moment, complete breakfast, tea, dinner, morning, coffee, fruit and sandwich sets, ash trays, etc., can be obtained.

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On Thursday, November 3 next, a Sale of Work is being held at Fordham House, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2., to augment the Society's funds. The sale is to be opened at 3 p.m. by Mrs. Miller, and Councillor Brachwell Smith (Mayor of Holborn) has kindly consented to attend and take the chair. Gifts of all kinds will be welcomed and should be addressed as above. Admission free on the day.

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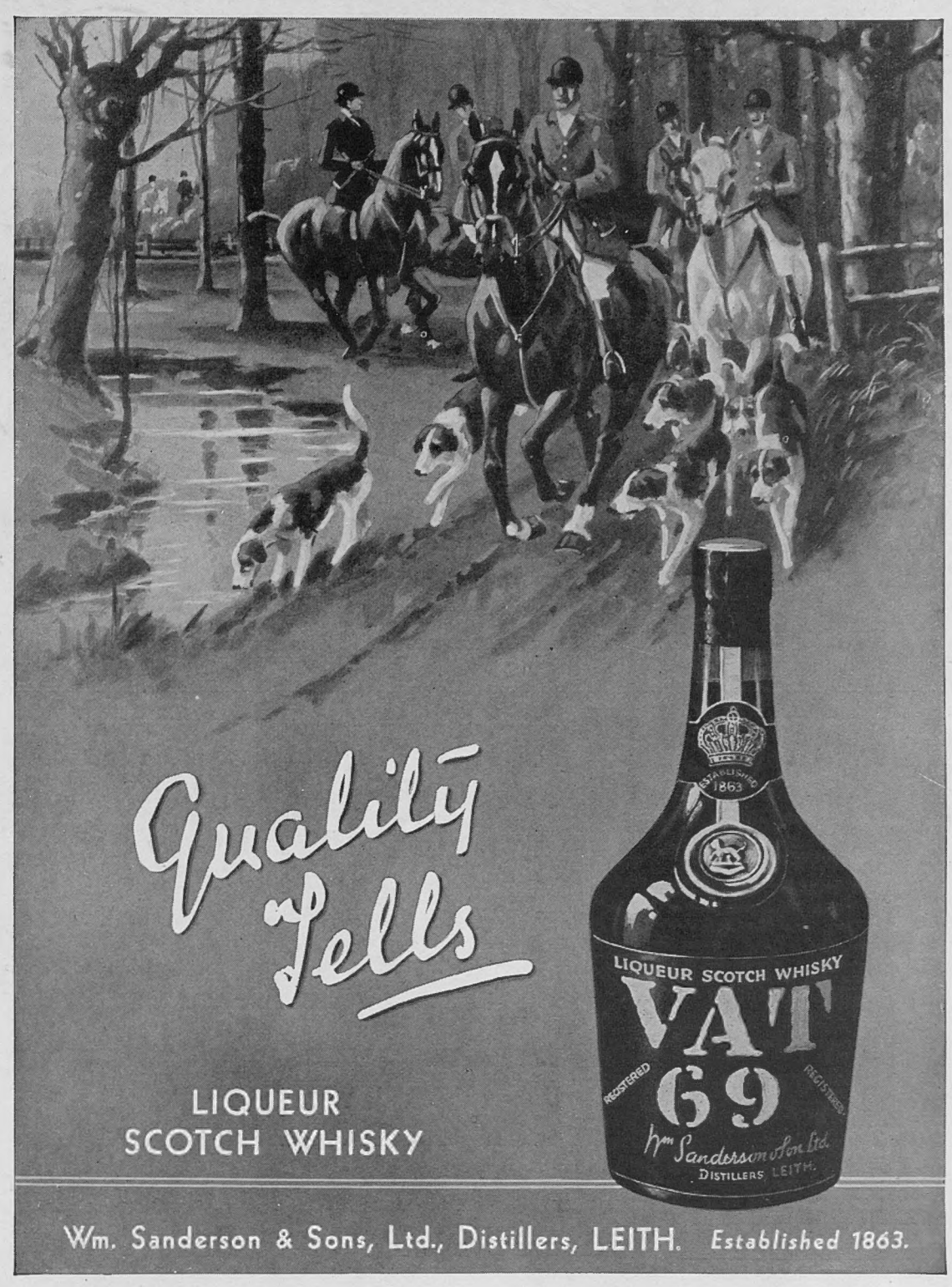

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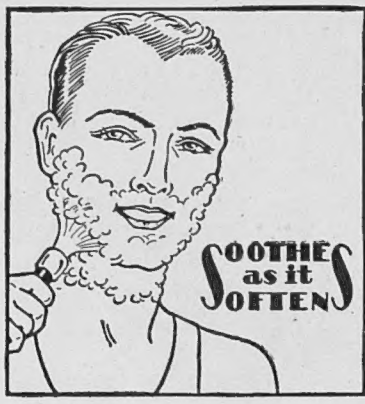

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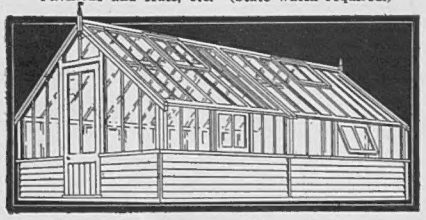

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Sir Edward: "Sounds a bit far-fetched; what happened?"

Lord Bob: "Monty went yachting—no newspapers—sent a wireless to his bookie to put him £50 on a horse whose name was connected with cricket."

Sir Edward: "His agent must have had a laugh. Couldn't do anything for him, of course."

Lord Bob: "That's the funny part; his bookie sent him a wire confirming he had put £50 on 'How's That.'"

Sir Edward: "Which won at 5 to 1! Wonderfully intelligent bookie he must have been. Who was he?"

Lord Bob: "You surely haven't forgotten introducing him to 'Duggie'?"

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